OW RELIABLE IS THE WASSERMANN TEST? by Louis Chargin, M.D

JULY 23,
1938

# Liberty

5¢

A Dynamic and Startling Revelation

## WHY I AM STILL INVESTIGATING THE LINDBERGH CASE

by Evalyn Walsh McLean

# STAND UP AND CHEER! IT'S OLD DRUM YEAR!

This month's miniature Gold Drum is awarded to Charles Price, star percussionist with Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra. His expert phrasing and smooth rhythms have earned him a front-rank place in his profession.

## TRY THIS BRAND ITS FLAVOR'S GRAND!

You won't know how tasty Old Drum is till you try it. Every drop has the mellow bouquet of whiskey at its finest! Buy some today — you'll like it!

## ON TOP OF WHICH IT'S SMOOTH AND RICH!

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Old Drum is blended carefully, with master skill. No wonder it's perfect in any kind of drink! Taste Old Drum — and trust your taste!

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

# OLD DRUM

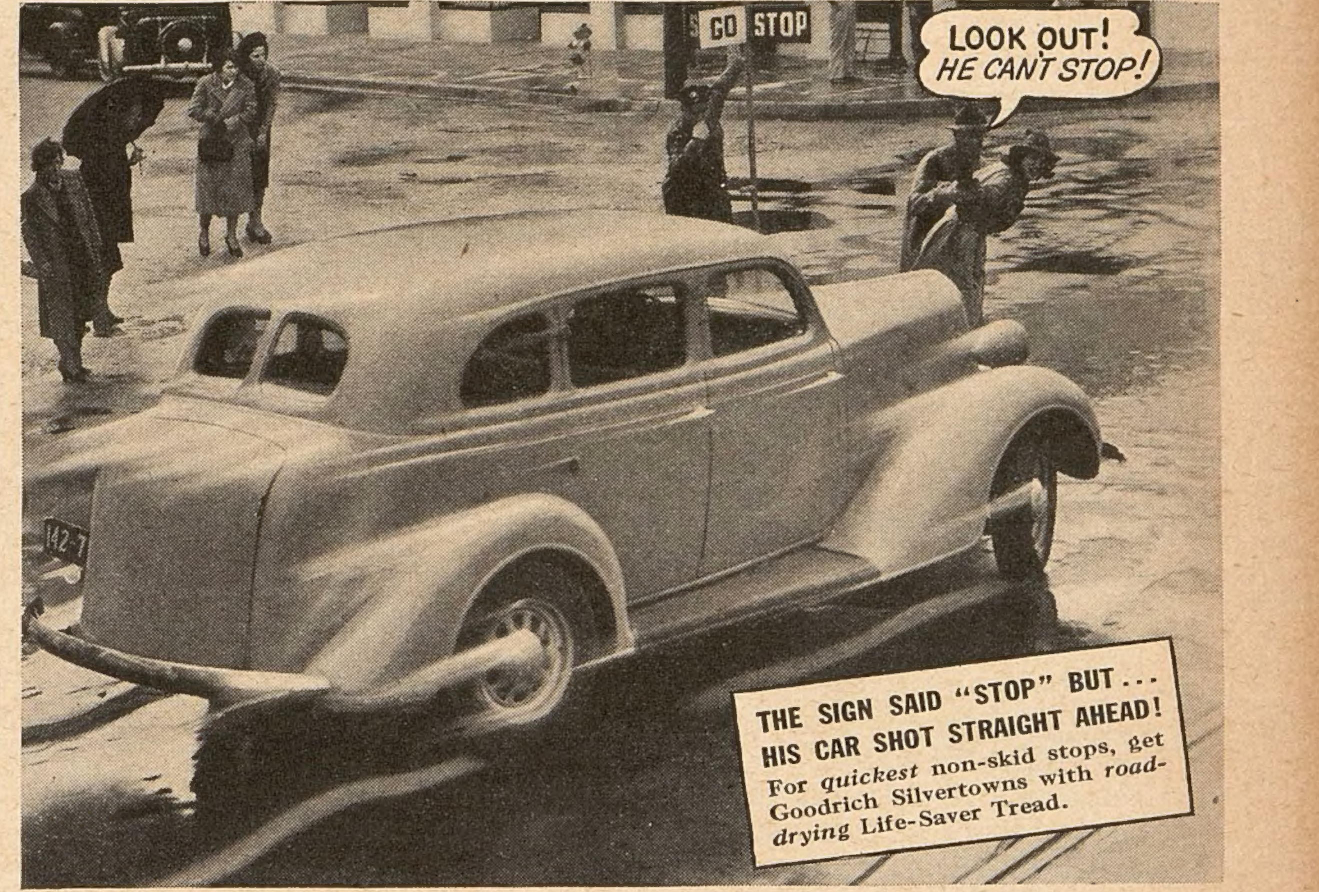
**BRAND** · *Blended Whiskey*

A CALVERT PRODUCT

90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1938 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N.Y.C.

# WET ROADS SWEPT DRY BY NEW NON-SKID TIRE

## GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN


GO STOP
LOOK OUT! HE CAN'T STOP!

**THE SIGN SAID "STOP" BUT . . . HIS CAR SHOT STRAIGHT AHEAD!** For *quickest* non-skid stops, get Goodrich Silvertowns with *road-drying* Life-Saver Tread.

### *Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, too*

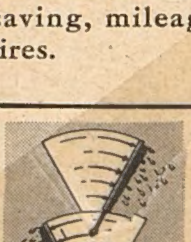
● *It's really two great tires in one!* It brings you *two* great life-saving features AT NO EXTRA COST!

*Inside,* the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply that resists *internal* tire heat and provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-out dangers. *Outside* this new huskier, *deep-grooved* Silvertown has Life-Saver Tread skid protection to give you the *quickest* non-skid stops on wet roads you've ever seen. Yes, and this amazing Goodrich Life-Saver Tread also grips dry roads and curves.

Don't try to squeeze those last few hundred miles out of tires that may skid or blow out. It's too risky. Don't invest your money in ordinary tires that give you only ordinary protection. The way to enjoy *safer* motoring—the way to be "dollars to the good" is to put new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car without delay.

**NO EXTRA COST!**

And mind you, even though Silvertowns are the only tires in the world that give you Life-Saver Tread skid protection and Golden Ply blow-out protection—*they do not cost you a penny extra!* Stop in at your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store; ride out on these life-saving, mileage-boosting Goodrich tires.



**HOW LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS**
The never-ending spiral bars act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

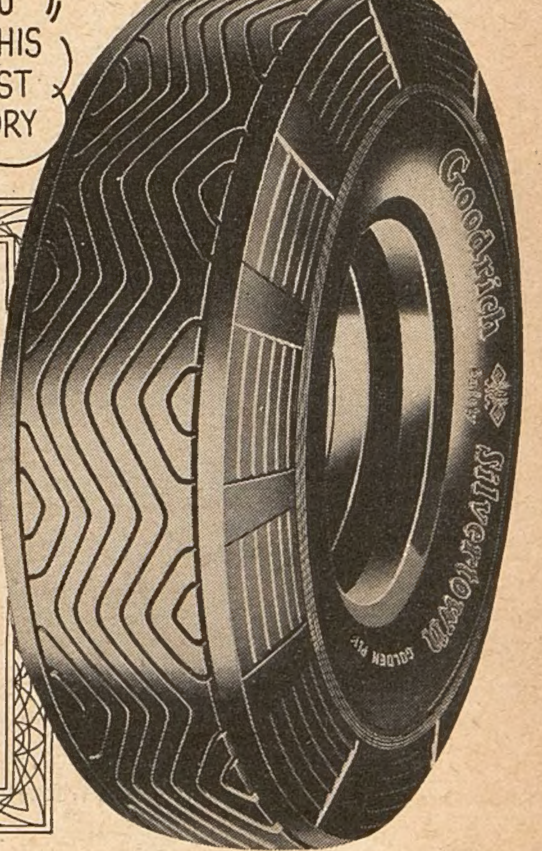
HERE'S PROOF WHICH TIRE GIVES YOU QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS. READ THIS REPORT FROM AMERICA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT TESTING LABORATORY

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including those tires listed from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth."

**A. R. ELLIS, Pres.**
**PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY**



## *The new* Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

**LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION**

JULY 23, 1938

**Liberty**

VOL. 15, NO. 30

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

# WHY NOT TRY DEMOCRACY FOR A CHANGE?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The boom times previous to 1929 brought us wealth beyond our wildest imagination. Jobs were plentiful . . . wages reached a new high, and when the exaggerated values of that particular period tumbled, a world-wide depression was upon us.

During the national election of 1932 we were in the midst of this disaster. And the patent-medicine remedies of the new administration were brewed in wholesale fashion.

Democracy had failed, so we were informed.

The depression which was world-wide gripped us with steel-like tenacity.

After the first five months of the new administration, the rules of constitutional democracy were cast to the winds.

We were entering a new era. Old-time methods had to be cast aside. Something modern and different must be adopted, so we were told.

And when they say that democracy has failed they are certainly not referring to the efforts of this administration. As yet it has failed to try the principles of democracy. It had its own plans, created by the brain-trusters. The NRA was to regulate all business. Monopoly was popularized at that time.

The Sherman Anti-Trust law was forgotten. If you would join in with your competitors you had the right to encourage monopolistic tendencies.

Every crackbrained experiment originated by fanatical theorists has been tested in the meantime. It may be possible to find some plans that were really worth while, but the source of all wealth . . . the source of employment . . . the source of everything that has brought us from the log cabin to the wealth and luxury we have been enjoying . . . is business and the wealth which is required to conduct it.

Has this administration encouraged, promoted, and assisted the efforts of our great business leaders? Is it not acknowledged everywhere that it has handicapped and interfered with legitimate business to such an extent that capital amounting to billions is idle or tied up in frozen securities instead of being invested in promoting enterprises that would help remedy our ghastly unemployment record?

Now many maintain that the New Deal is not a square deal, that it can more appropriately be called a "Raw" Deal, and that the fanatical experimenting associated with it has brought tragic consequences.

Is it not about time for us to try the safe and sound democratic principles that in the past have brought us nearly half the wealth of the world and the highest standard of living enjoyed by any country in the world?

About all we need to come to this conclusion is some common horse sense, and let us hope that before we are engulfed by bankruptcy our legislators will endorse this deduction.

We cannot deny the dependability of conclusions that are the result of 150 years of experience.

We are threatened by the war-glorifying nations outside of our borders. Our principles of government are in serious danger right within our own country. The Nazi groups and the Fascists have secretly joined together—so it has been rumored—and they are well represented here.

When bankruptcy appears—which is not far away if we do not check our reckless spending—government money is valueless; lawlessness will be rampant throughout the nation.

The Communists, so it has been maintained, will then be ready to take us over, and the Nazi and the Fascist groups, which are stronger and which have been silently working within our midst, are all ready, so it is rumored, to outwit the Communists. They expect to take possession of our country. We are a bunch of nitwits if we continue to submit to this traitorous activity and fully deserve whatever fate is in store for us.

Bernarr Macfadden

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# · · · To have and to hold · ·

When you have a life insurance policy you hold the certainty that your loved ones will be protected. You have membership in an institution which has survived depressions, wars and plagues. You have the security that comes from a multitude of people combining their resources. In insurance on a permanent plan, you have a value which increases the longer you hold it.

Thos I Parkinson
PRESIDENT

## LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

**Q. What chance has your child of becoming fatherless before reaching 17?**

A. A child at birth has about one chance in ten, on the average, of becoming fatherless before the age of seventeen. Life insurance can guarantee funds for *your* child's education, regardless of chances.

• • •

**Q. Which country leads in ownership of life insurance?**

A. The United States. With only 7% of the world's population, people here have 70% of the life insurance.

• • •

**Q. Why does the United States lead?**

A. Largely because of the work here of life insurance agents. These thousands of men and women, by their patient activity, have helped make life more secure

• • •

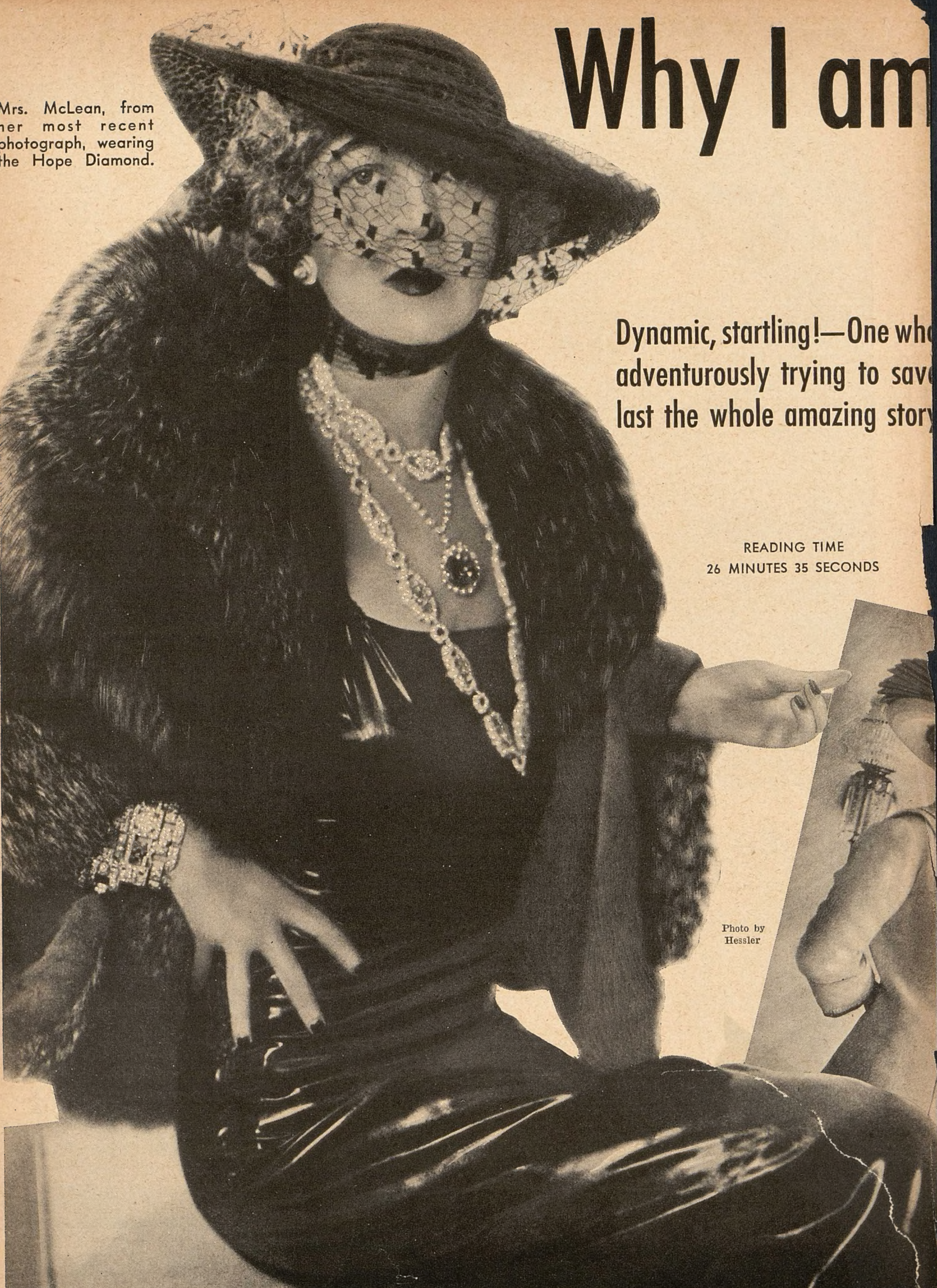
**Q. How much life insurance should you have?**

A. It depends on many personal factors, such as the number and ages of your children, your own age, the amount of your savings, etc. Ask an Equitable agent to work out the answer.

***The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.***

**THE EQUITABLE**
FAIR – JUST
**LIFE ASSURANCE**
SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
**SOCIETY**
MUTUAL – COOPERATIVE
**OF THE U.S.**
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

# Why I am



Mrs. McLean, from her most recent photograph, wearing the Hope Diamond.

Photo by Hessler

Dynamic, startling!—One wh
adventurously trying to sav
last the whole amazing story

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

# still Investigating the Lindbergh Case

pent a king's ransom
famous baby tells at
f her dangerous quest

## By Evalyn Walsh McLean
## with Alan Hynd

### PART ONE—THEIR FIRST-BORN . . AND MINE

WHEN, in April, 1932, the news became public that I had been "taken" by the notorious Gaston B. Means for one hundred thousand dollars and "expenses" in an attempt to recover the Lindbergh baby, the impression somehow became general that I was a foolish, meddlesome, publicity-seeking woman with more money than I knew what to do with. When, later, I was said to be active in efforts to save the life of Hauptmann, convicted of the Lindbergh kidnaping, more harsh things were said about me. Trying to recover the baby, then trying to save the life of the man convicted of having caused its death, simply did not make sense—on the surface, anyway.

As a youthful mother, with baby Vinson.

And so, off and on for six years now, owing to my connection with the Lindbergh case, I have been accused of a wide variety of offenses, including a hand in the kidnaping itself.

The Editor of Liberty has convinced me that the time has come when, in justice to my children and myself, I should at last reveal my story.

In the first place—and this I am revealing for the first time—I was no outside meddler when I got Gaston Means to act as go-between to deal with the Lindbergh kidnapers. My dealings with Gaston Means had the thorough approval and consent of none other than Colonel Lindbergh.

Lindbergh knew what was going on all along. Before I gave Gaston Means so much as a five-cent piece, the father of the missing baby was told in detail what the notorious Means' seemingly reasonable plans were, and who and what Means was; and he sent word through a relative for me to go right ahead.

While there was no arrangement about money, of course, the Colonel understood, as did everybody else, that money would have to be paid in any ransom negotiations. That was the basis of the whole transaction. But I want it thoroughly understood that money was never discussed with the Colonel, so far as I went. When, later, Means jumped the ransom price from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars—as did the actual ransom notes—I naturally paid out the amount asked for without a moment's hesitation. There was no time to talk over or haggle about price; there was no way of knowing then that a few hours might not have meant the difference between the baby's life and its death.

The fact that the Means affair eventually cost what it did, and that I today do not possess so much as a note of thanks from Colonel Lindbergh for my pains, is perhaps so much water under the bridge and beside the point; but I am compelled now to speak out, as I have promised to tell faithfully and truthfully just what happened to me. I don't blame the Colonel for anything he has done or failed to do. I didn't go into this case for thanks or reward or publicity, and he undoubtedly has had his own good reasons for his actions.

Let me make it clear that Means did not come to me with a cock-and-bull story, that I was not naïve enough to believe everything he said, and that I was not alone in being sold on the belief that Means could get the baby back. As a matter of fact, I sent for Means for reasons that shall be explained in their proper chronological place. And I made the arrangement with Means only after several other individuals had also come to believe implicitly in his plan.

When it became obvious that I had been hoaxed, there was a general disposition to forget about Gaston Means, in so far as his connection with the Lindbergh case went, and that's exactly where I think somebody made a great mistake.

I believe that Gaston Means actually had guilty knowledge of the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, and in this story I am going to tell you why.

As to my reason for becoming interested in the kidnaping in the first place, my motive was quite simple, and I believe you will understand my position when I tell you of some of the tortures I went through when for years my husband and I lived a hell on earth while criminals threatened us constantly with kidnaping of our first child, Vinson Walsh McLean. But, aside from that, th

Lindbergh crime was one that shocked and horrified every parent in the civilized world.

It so happened that I was then in a financial position to offer what seemed to me at the time to be valuable aid. Why I should be criticized for offering such aid is beyond me. During the days when I was trying to effect the recovery of the baby, I was frightened more than once, I subjected myself to the ravages of severe illness, and on more than one occasion I actually faced death. Don't you suppose that it would have been far easier and certainly pleasanter for me to have taken the money I used in the Lindbergh cause and used it for a nice trip around the world for myself and my family?

Many people have the idea that I am, as the saying goes, made of money. On the contrary, the amount that the Means affair cost me was a staggering loss. But there are other things than money in the world, things that are beyond price. As much pleasure as I have gotten out of buying jewelry, and as much of a kick as I have gotten out of various social functions that I have given, I want to tell you that all that is pretty empty and meaningless compared to the inner satisfaction that was mine when I thought that my money could restore a baby to its mother's arms. And as for my seeking publicity, the truth is that I moved with such secrecy that even J. Edgar Hoover, head of the G-men, told me that he had not had the slightest inkling of what I was doing during the time of the Means negotiations.

While I was not personally acquainted with the Lindberghs at the time of the kidnaping, there was nevertheless a common bond between us, so far as I was concerned. Their baby was at the time of the crime the most famous baby in the world. I had been the mother of the child who had once occupied a similar unhappy position.

Then, too, my father had been a friend of Dwight W. Morrow, the Lindbergh baby's maternal grandfather. And it was a fine gentleman whom I have always called my "second father"—Myron T. Herrick, one-time Governor of Ohio and later Ambassador to France—who had taken young Lindbergh under his wing when the daring and courageous flyer landed in France after his solo flight across the Atlantic. It so happened that my child's perambulator had been a gift from Mr. Herrick.

MOREOVER, I had a deep and abiding admiration for Colonel Lindbergh. I had been just as thrilled as a schoolgirl by the picture of that gallant and brave young man winging his way across the ocean in the face of death; and when, some time later, I visited the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and looked at his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, I felt a lump in my throat. After that I had no curiosity to meet Colonel Lindbergh in person. I didn't want anything to possibly mar the picture of him that I had in my mind's eye, and I didn't meet him until some time after his son had been stolen. So you can see that the mutual connections, the parallel experiences, my feeling for Colonel Lindbergh, and my belief in being able to render assistance were all strong additional reasons why I acted as I did.

So much criticism having come my way for what is known about my participation in the Lindbergh case, probably I will also be blamed for writing these articles. Not that that bothers me. When I was young, criticism bothered me; now I can take it. I really don't care, on my own account, what is said about me. But I am sick and tired of having my children told that their mother has been foolish and that she injected herself into something that was none of her business.

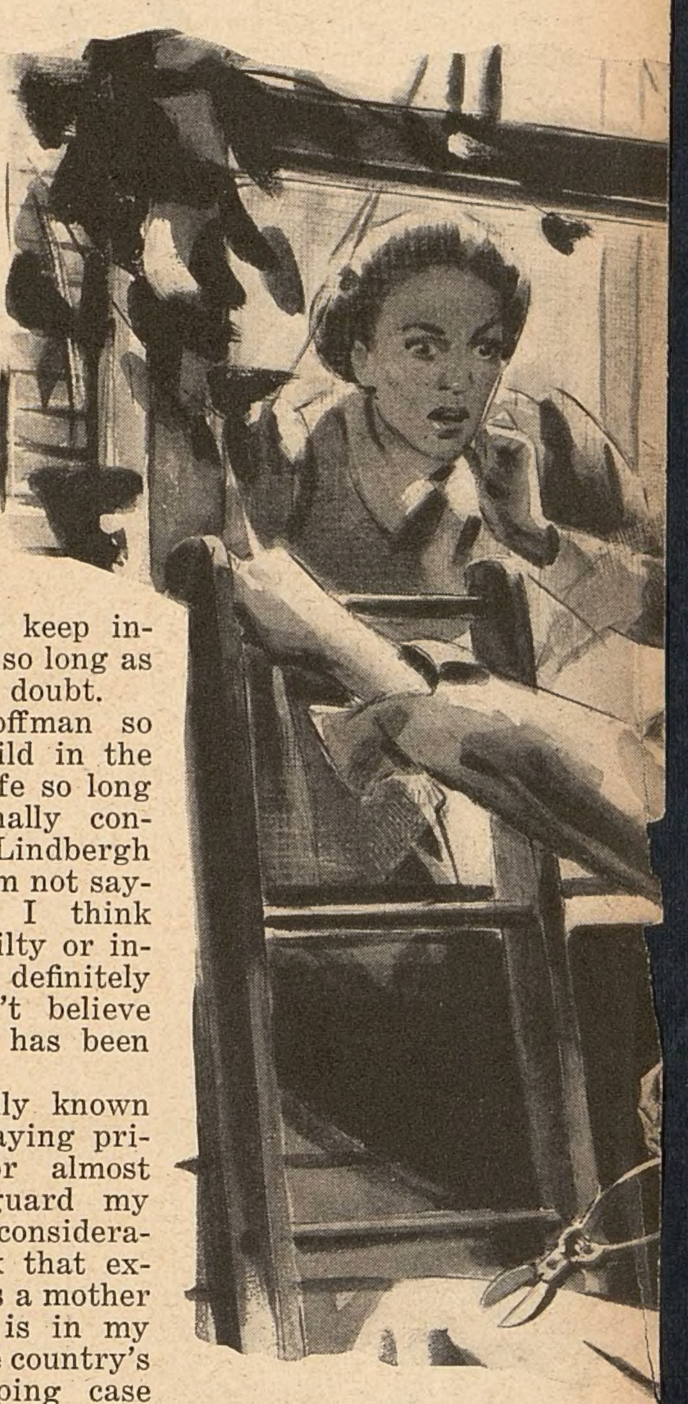
Well, having entered the case with the consent and approval of Colonel Lindbergh, I determined to see it through. I couldn't—and didn't want to—get out. You may be surprised to know that, despite the financial beating I have taken in this thing, I would do the same thing all over again if I were able. After you have become acquainted with the inside story I believe most of you will see why.

That much publicized piece of property of mine, the Hope Diamond, which is supposed to have heaped dire happenings upon Marie Antoinette and every one else who ever owned it, has been in pawn more than once in order that I might get the necessary cash to go on with my work in the Lindbergh case, *and I'd put it back in pawn again tomorrow if I thought it would bring about a complete solution of the mystery.*

No, I do not agree that the conviction and execution of Hauptmann solved the mystery, and I will have something to say here to back up my belief. And I think that such a view is becoming more and more widespread today, especially since the publication in Liberty of former Governor Hoffman's extraordinary inside story of the Lindbergh case. A long parade of important figures in the case—from both sides—have, during the past six years, found their way to Friendship, our Washington home, and I have heard many strange tales, some of which I am going to tell you in this story. As a result, I will keep interested in the case so long as there is a lingering doubt.

As Governor Hoffman so aptly put it, no child in the United States is safe so long as any one criminally connected with the Lindbergh case is at large. I am not saying now whether I think Hauptmann was guilty or innocent, but I am definitely saying that I don't believe every one involved has been caught.

It is not generally known that I have been paying private detectives, for almost thirty years, to guard my children. All other considerations aside, I think that explains my interest as a mother in doing whatever is in my power to see that the country's number one kidnaping case is unquestionably cleared up.



When my first child, Vinson, was born, on December 18, 1909, I was the happiest woman in the world. He was a beautiful healthy baby, the heir to two great fortunes; and life for him gave promise of being a glorious adventure, and he could have done so much good with the wealth that would some day have been his.

But I had hardly grown used to having the baby when the dark long shadow of crime fell across my home. Little Vinson was only a few weeks old when one day I accidentally came across a letter that my husband, Edward Beale McLean, had received in the mail several days previously. My husband had kept the letter from me, so that I would not be upset, and then had inadvertently left it lying in a place where I came across it.

I do not recall the exact wording of this anonymous letter, or even the city where it had come from, because I had good and sufficient reason in later years to make a strong attempt to erase such things from my mind. But I do recall that it asked that a certain large sum of money be placed in a certain desolate spot, and stated that failure on the part of my husband to do so would result in little Vinson being stolen.

If you happen to be a mother, you can probably realize the effect that letter had on me. I was only twenty-one at the time. I asked my husband about the letter, and he admitted that he too had been tremendously worried, and that he had hired a private detective agency to attempt to trace the writer. There had not been one letter, but three.

Well, in those days we had no such organization as the present G-men to turn to, and no such police science as we have today. And so the private detectives were stumped almost before they started.

Those letters, of course, brought about an immediate change in my household. No longer could little Vinson travel a normal path through life. He was doomed to virtual imprisonment from then on. The house at 2020 Massachusetts Avenue, where we then lived, was electrically wired, so that any attempt to enter the premises by force would immediately cause an alarm to be set off. Four detectives were hired, with explicit instructions never to let the child out of their sight except when he was in his nursery. Then one man was on guard constantly right outside the nursery door, even reclining at times on a cot spread crosswise in front of the door, while the others were stationed at strategic points in and around the house.

Every time I saw one of those men—and I sometimes saw as many as four when I was with Vinson—I was reminded of that threat against the baby's life, and filled with the fear that, even as I looked upon the baby, dark unseen forces were at work somewhere near, ready to strike the moment vigilance was in the slightest relaxed.

Then came a fourth letter, and a fifth. The investigators weren't exactly sure whether the communications had all been written by one person, for the handwriting, as I recall it, was different in each case, and each letter had been mailed from a different city.

"The nurse was awakened. She screamed." Right: Briar Cliffe, the McLeans' summer home in Bar Harbor.

All the letters had been mailed to Mr. McLean; but the crowning blow came when I received a message—a telegram.

One cannot put open threats in a telegram, of course, but this wire was very cunningly worded. It stated that if my husband and I were unwilling to go through with the "deal," the sender of the message would be obliged to "collect." In view of the threats in the letters, the telegram was as plain as could be to us. The detectives located the office where it had been sent—in Philadelphia—but that took several days, and by that time the employees in the telegraph office had forgotten all about the person who had sent it.

And so there we were, in the grip of an unseen terror, never knowing when or how crime was going to strike at the heart of our household. We hoped that this criminal, whoever he was (I always thought the letters and the wire were sent by the same person), would finally give up in discouragement when he received no reply from us.

Then something else happened. We desired to keep little Vinson out of the public eye, so that he could grow up to be a normal unspoiled boy; but the more sensational newspapers started writing feature stories about him, and one writer called him "the Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby." The name stuck. In those days, had you asked the man in the street who the Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby was, he could have told you it was Vinson Walsh McLean. Not long after that unfortunate name was applied to Vinson, Will Rogers visited Friendship, and the first thing he said to me was:

"Evalyn, I want to see that hundred-million-dollar kid of yours. Where is he?"

Will also wanted to see the solid gold crib, said to be worth a king's ransom, which had been presented to Vinson by our good friend, King Leopold of Belgium. Will always said that all he knew was what he read in the newspapers, and he had read about the crib in the newspapers. Well, it wasn't solid gold at all. It was decorated with gold plating, and was indeed a handsome and generous gift, but it was far from what the sensational press pictured.

ATTENTION that otherwise wouldn't have been focused on Vinson was focused on him now. Letters poured in from all parts of the country. There were scores upon scores of threatening ones. Some threatened my husband, some threatened me, but most of them were directed at Vinson. Poor little boy! As he kicked and laughed in his crib, little did he realize how he had appealed to the satanic imagination of the underworld!

As time wore on, wherever we were became an armed camp. Letters and telegrams continued to pour in, and sometimes there were anonymous telephone calls. Some of the criminals were willing to take the gold crib as payment for giving up plans to kidnap my baby. Others informed me that, unless certain instructions were followed, I would have no further use for the crib!

Instead of becoming more or less used to the threats, and assuming the attitude that the baby was as thoroughly guarded as any human being could be and that there was therefore nothing to worry about, I found myself in the grip of an increasing panic. It got so that I began to tremble when I opened my mail, and I shuddered when the telephone rang. If I was out visiting friends, and the phone rang, I would be horrified by the thought that perhaps the message was for me, telling me that they had gotten my baby.

Nights were nightmares, nothing more and nothing less. We actually had bars and heavy steel screening on the windows of the baby's nursery, and, besides that precaution, a nurse sleeping right in the room with the child, a detective on guard immediately outside the door, and others outside under the windows and patrolling the grounds. I suppose I should have felt reassured. But I was always afraid. I knew it would be human nature for a guard to relax his vigilance after a while if nothing had happened to keep him on the alert.

I also considered the possibility that a gang of criminals could overpower the guards one by one, put a ladder up to the second floor where the nursery was, and somehow cut their way into the room and steal the child. My fears along this line might sound like those of an overwrought young woman; but one night they were to prove to have foundation.

When the baby was about a year and a half old, we decided to make a trip to our summer place, the Briar Cliffe, in Bar Harbor, Maine. The journey from our home to the railroad station in Washington was made with great secrecy, with two armed detectives riding in one car with Mr. McLean, myself, and the baby, and with a detective in a car ahead of us and a fourth guard in one that followed us. At the station we entered a private car, and I breathed a little easier.

The train was traveling through Maine the following day when the conductor came in and informed us that the crew was holding a man—apparently demented—who had boarded the train at a water stop, then attempted to make his way to our car. Mr. McLean insisted that the man be brought in for questioning. He was a forlorn-looking individual, and as he stood there, twisting a cap in his hands, he said:

" Mr. McLean, I was sent to get your baby."

My husband demanded to know who had sent him.

" I am under instructions," was all he would say.

The man was later turned over to the police. I never did find out who he was or exactly what had happened to him. My husband kept news of that sort from me. All he would tell me was: " That matter has been attended to." I do know, however, that the arrest of the man led to the arrest of nobody else, and that the affair in no way diminished the flow of threatening communications.

Everything went along smoothly at Bar Harbor—for a time. The baby's perambulator, the gift of Governor Herrick, had undergone a grim alteration for the Bar Harbor stay. The top of it was covered with a specially constructed steel screen, and there was a sliding door in the screen through which Vinson was put in or taken out. When the baby was in the carriage, this door was securely locked, so it would not have been possible to snatch him.

ONE dark moonless night I was awakened by the sounds of shots. In terror, I rushed into the child's nursery. He was there, all right, safe and sound, but he had had a narrow escape. Seemingly by a miracle, an intruder had managed to slip past the guards patrolling the grounds, and had placed a ladder—just as in the Lindbergh case—against the house below the nursery window. He had thereupon succeeded in climbing the ladder—still unobserved by the detectives, who were off their guard, just as I had feared—and had been at work on a heavy steel screen with a pair of metal cutters when the nurse in the room, who had dozed off, was awakened. She screamed, and the detective outside the nursery door bounded in. The intruder dropped to the ground and ran off into the darkness. The detective's shots were aimed in the air to give the alarm to the other sleuths.

But the criminal escaped. All that he left behind him were a ladder and some footprints, untraceable. We never did find out who he was.

And so it went, through the years. We were at dinner in the White House one night, and President Taft said to me, " Mrs. McLean, that baby of yours is more closely guarded than I am." Which was distressingly true.

As the child grew older a new problem arose. The letters were still coming in, and it was necessary to keep the four detectives. I didn't want him to know why these four men were constantly with him, lest he develop some sort of fear complex.

And so Vinson never quite realized why these men were always near him. When he was about seven, we employed an athletic instructor for him, and he grew to somehow associate the detectives with the instructor, and the relationship was a pleasant one.

Meantime the threats from the outside were causing me another sort of trouble. My husband was a very attractive man, and he loved gaiety in various forms. I tried to be with him as much as possible, because we were devoted to each other. I knew that out of consideration for me he would be less likely to do in my presence certain things that he might do when I wasn't around. Therefore I often accompanied him to places where I didn't want to go anyway, to say nothing of my being afraid to leave the child.

When Kentucky Derby time came around in 1918, when Vinson was eight years old, my husband wanted to go to the Derby above everything else. Two nights before we were to leave for Kentucky, I had one of those strange premonitions that I believe only mothers can understand. Something told me that before long—possibly while we were in Kentucky—my son and I were going to be parted forever. I didn't know which of us was going to die. I only had a strong feeling that one of us was, and I hoped that if such had to be, it would be I.

And so I sat down and wrote Vinson a ten-page letter, telling him certain things that I needn't go into here, little secrets that are part of the love of a mother for a son. I gave the letter to a trusted servant, with instructions to give it to Vinson if anything happened to me while I was away.

Vinson was left in the care of my mother and, of course, his guards. It was the first time that I had ever really been separated from the boy for a matter of days. Exactly what happened during our absence, I do not know. I have never been told. At first it was kept from me, and then I decided I never wanted to know. There are certain things that a mother just simply can't dwell on. All I can say here is that Vinson, one of the most carefully guarded children in the world, succeeded in eluding one of his guards, ran into the street, and was killed by an automobile.

Vinson was not the only child of mine that the underworld had its eye on. When my three other children—Jock, Ned, and Evalyn—came along in the order named, they were each in turn singled out by the letter writers, the telegram senders, and the telephone callers.

As the years wore on, the situation grew worse instead of better. There were times when I wished that my husband and my children and myself could go to some far-off place where nobody would know where we were. But leaving my native land in the face of threats struck me as a cowardly thing to do. My father had taught me never to run away from anything. Then, too, I didn't think that it would be a particularly good advertisement for the land of my birth—the land that had given me so much—if I were to seek safety in a foreign country.

I often wonder now why I did not go to pieces under the strain. It is no exaggeration to say that for years on end I did not know what it was to have a waking moment that was entirely free from anxiety.

Evidence speaks for itself. As I prepare this story, my eye comes across two old bills from Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. One of them, bearing the date of July 15, 1916—that was when Vinson was in his seventh year—is for $4,478.10 for protection of various kinds, for the three months from April 1 to June 30. Another bill covering May, June, and July, 1919, is for $2,641.57. That will give you an idea of what a part threats played in our daily lives.

It has only been recently that I have found it unnecessary to have such an extensive system of protection thrown about Jock, Ned, and Evalyn, who is now sixteen. However, they are still adequately protected—make no mistake about that—in a manner that is strictly my own business; for, strange as it may seem, an occasional threat still comes through the mails. Nothing ever appears in the papers about such threats. But they are all promptly and thoroughly dealt with.

AND now you can perhaps clearly understand just why I reacted as I did when I heard that Mrs. Lindbergh's baby had been stolen.

On the murky, drizzly morning of Wednesday, March 2, 1932—the morning after the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped—I awoke rather late, being in a state of semi-exhaustion owing to the strain I had been through in connection with the recent death of my mother. I had retired early the night before, and had not, therefore, heard the bulletins about the crime of the century that had come over the radio after ten o'clock and at frequent intervals all through the night.

I switched on the lights, rang for my maid Inga, a Swedish woman who had been with me for more than twenty years, and when in a few minutes she appeared in my boudoir with a breakfast tray and the morning newspaper—the Washington Post, which our family trust then owned—I noticed that she was pallid and tense.

" What's the matter, Inga? " I asked.

Inga looked at my bedside radio, to make sure that it was not on. " You haven't heard, then, madam? "

" Heard what? "

" About the Lindbergh baby? "

"Why, no, Inga. What about the Lindbergh baby?"
"It's been *kidnaped.*"

I could not believe my ears. "Why," I said, "it can't be true!"

Inga handed me the paper. There on the front page were the known details of the crime that nobody could believe but which had nevertheless been committed.

The life of terror that I had been forced to lead unreeled itself in my mind as a monstrous film as I read of the kidnaping. When at length I put down the paper and tried to arrive at something lucid, I thought:

"Al Capone's back of this."

Try as I might, I couldn't get away from that idea. The Emperor of American Crime was at the time at his hellish zenith, despite the fact that he was at the moment in Chicago's million-dollar Cook County Jail, and it was but natural that an outraged citizenry should put nothing past him and his gangs. As time wore on, others were to dismiss from their minds, as I did, the idea that he was connected with the Lindbergh case. But my thinking of him that morning was to play a vital part in governing actions that were to lead me neck-deep into the Lindbergh mystery.

I had meanwhile turned on the radio. Out of the welter of conflicting reports that were coming direct from the home in the Sourland Mountains, one fact impressed me more than any other: there was so much activity and hysteria around the Lindbergh home that it would be an utter impossibility for the kidnapers to return that baby to its parents, even if some kind of negotiations did go through. I could not help but wonder if Colonel Lindbergh had been wise in calling in the authorities so quickly, instead of first trying to negotiate quietly. I wondered, too, just what I would have done under similar circumstances.

I sent for Miss Elizabeth Nelson, a trained nurse and a fine woman who had attended my mother in her last illness, and who was spending a few days in the house with me as a friend. "Miss Nelson," I said, "what do you think about this kidnaping?"

Miss Nelson, shocked and horrified by the whole thing, didn't have any definite ideas as yet. I then told her that I thought Capone might be involved, that he might have directed the crime from his cell in a final gesture of defiance to law and order.

"That," said Miss Nelson, "could very well be."

"I would like to go and see that man," I said.

Miss Nelson, of course, was very much against my going, because of the state of my health. But I was just as determined that I would go to Chicago—if I finally concluded that that would be the thing to do, and if I could legally carry out my plan. For always I had followed the advice of my father, who once said to me: "Evalyn, always do what is right. Once you are sure you are right, go ahead and see a thing through to the finish, even if you find the whole world against you."

Miss Nelson and I continued to discuss the crime, listening carefully for all radio bulletins. After a while I began to get the feeling that this was definitely an underworld job. Then I tried to put myself in the place of one of the underworld characters who had the baby, and I concluded that, what with all the publicity, hysteria, and police activity, the last thing I would do would be to communicate in any way—except possibly by mail—with the Lindbergh home. I would perhaps be willing to negotiate for ransom through some duly authorized intermediary, provided that intermediary were well known in the underworld and could be trusted according to underworld standards. I also concluded that if I were one of the criminals I would certainly refuse to deal with a woman whom I associated only with wealth and social life—namely, Evalyn Walsh McLean.

All that day and well into the night I did absolutely nothing except think of the Lindbergh kidnaping. I hoped against hope, as flash after flash came through the loud-speaker, that the miracle would happen and that there would come the news that the child had been restored to its mother's arms. I knew exactly what poor Anne Morrow Lindbergh was going through—for I had, in my mind at least, gone through the same thing, and more than once, in years gone by.

I knew there were many people who wanted to help, but who did not have the means, as I did at that time. I was going to do something to help Anne Morrow Lindbergh, if it was in my power.

I wondered and I wondered to just whom I might turn for help. Every hour counted, yet I did not dare risk making a move in the wrong direction, and perhaps jeopardizing the chances of the baby's safe recovery.

Finally, late in the night, I found myself ready to take some of the rest that my body and mind were crying out for. For I had come to a conclusion—a conclusion that I do not, strange as it may seem, regret even today. I had concluded that I had thought of the one man alive and within reach who could, by virtue of his nefarious background, be of assistance in the strange venture. I had thought of none other than that Genius of Evil, Gaston Bullock Means.

And so I had taken the first step in a long, hazardous, and heartbreaking quest—a quest which I still hope, with everything that is within me, may eventually bring about a complete solution of the Lindbergh case.

My next step, after deciding about Means, was to reach for the telephone and call the White House.

*Why did Mrs. McLean call the White House? How did she then proceed to locate Gaston Means? Had she ever seen Means before? Did she fully realize what a dangerous creature he was? How did he at once convince her that he could "contact the Lindbergh kidnapers"—and presently, through her, convince Lindbergh himself that he was actually in touch with them? Here are electrifying questions! In next week's installment of this truly remarkable series Mrs. McLean will answer them!*

## ☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—This week's early photo (at the right) is of an American beloved by more than one generation of theatergoers. Among the plays he wrote are Too Much Johnson and Because She Loved Him So, but he's chiefly identified with a deductive chappie supposed to have lived on Baker Street. Who?

2—The rubber industry is gradually leaving which city?

3—Does a rainbow contain all the colors of the spectrum?

4—Who recently said, "It is a sad thing for an old fellow in his seventy-sixth year to see the British flag becoming the jest of nations"?

5—Limburger, the cheese, is named after a town in which country?

6—Who composed Thaïs and Le Cid?

7—What would you do with a Cuba Libre?

8—The peak of which mountain, 29,141 feet above sea level, has never been successfully climbed?

9—Who had three bags of wool?

10—What is the abbreviation for "note well"?

11—Is the laughing jackass a bird, a piece of mining machinery, or an animal?

12—Who played O-lan in The Good Earth?

13—Where in Canada is "Great Britain's apple orchard"?

14—A male seal is called what?

15—Norman Thomas has been prevented from delivering speeches in which of the following places in New Jersey: Ashland, Newark, Jersey City?

16—Saccharin is what kind of product?

17—Who wrote The Revolt of the Angels?

18—Is Jimmy Hines a prominent golfer, a former movie comedian, or a Tammany politician?

19—Where was President Taft buried?

20—Who was William J. Bryan's chief opponent in the Scopes Evolution case?

(*Answers will be found on page 47*)

# Perdition in the

## BY LOWELL THOMAS

### A look at a little-known menace to the peace of the world—Who'll win in this far-flung strife for rule over Islam?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THERE'S a drama of three men and a Foreign Office—and look out for the peace of the world! The Foreign Office is Number Ten Downing Street, London. Of the three men, the first is Mussolini.

If there is to be another World War soon, the Mediterranean crisis is as likely as anything else to cause it. The Middle Sea is aflame at both ends, west and east, Spain and Palestine. To keep the Spanish civil war from becoming a world conflagration the statecraft of Europe has labored—successfully, it seems. But the strife in Palestine remains a looming peril. It is religious, Moslem against Jew. In Spain Mussolini appears as a crusader against Red Communism; in Palestine he postures as the protector of the Moslems—striking at Zion to strike at Britain.

Mussolini has the London Foreign Office caught in a dilemma, a fatal contradiction that harks back to the desert epic of Lawrence of Arabia. I was in contact with Lawrence in those World War days when he was leading the Revolt in the Desert, Britain's emissary laden with British gold—and British promises. The perilous promise was made: a united Arabia, Palestine to be part of a great Arabian kingdom. But simultaneously London was issuing the Balfour Declaration, dedicating Palestine as a Jewish homeland.

At the Peace Conference Lawrence, robed as a prince of Mecca, appeared with the Arab delegation and demanded that the promise he had given be kept. The promise was violated, and this was the tragedy of that strange genius. Were he alive today he might be Number Two of our three men. As it is, we can imagine the shade of Lawrence of Arabia walking amid the trouble—a ghost to be conveniently summoned by Italian propaganda.

The British scheme to partition Palestine has failed utterly. The Jews denounce it for denying them Jerusalem. The Moslems likewise demand Jerusalem, their third holiest city. They protest that the Jews are granted the fertile lands, leaving to the Arabs the barren hills and deserts. The partition, far from bringing peace, has inflamed the rage of war.

The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, spiritual leader of the Palestinian Mohammedans, was confined under British surveillance in the Mosque of Omar. He made a secret getaway to Syria. The French didn't want him—an awkward guest. But Mussolini instantly promised him welcome and honor in Mohammedan Libya. The Duce could use him with telling effect in his duel with the British Foreign Office. The French decided to keep him, permitting him to reside in the Lebanon.

But the Grand Mufti is *not* our Number Two man.

Sidky Pasha might be—save for the bullets that cut him down some time ago. Chief of Staff of the army of Iraq, he was the virtual dictator of the kingdom. Iraq lies on the other side of Arabia, but the Palestine problem is Pan-Arab and Pan-Islam. Moreover, in Iraq are those fabulous Mesopotamian oil fields, linked with the Mediterranean by a mighty pipe line that crosses Palestine. Mesopotamian oil is dominant in British policy in the eastern Mediterranean. Dictator Chief of Staff Sidky Pasha was pro-Italian, playing the game with Mussolini's agents. The military clique that has succeeded him in power in Iraq is just as pro-Italian as he ever was.

If and when a Palestine showdown is at hand, two outright events are predicted. Mussolini will denounce the Palestine mandate, will issue a formal proclamation that Italy no longer recognizes the League of Nations' authority under which Britain governs the Holy Land. Then—Ibn Saud will declare himself king of a united Arabia, including Palestine. There's our Number Two man—Ibn Saud, King of Central Arabia, monarch of the inner desert.

A Bedouin Goliath, six feet four and brawny, terrifying in combat, he dominates his tribesmen of the sands by sheer physical supremacy.

A giant of religion as well—King of the Wahabis, the mighty sect of puritanical fanatics of Central Arabia. A couple of centuries ago a desert zealot, one Abdul Wahab, preached an evangelical revival of Moslem orthodoxy. Today there's a fiery renaissance of the Wahabi movement. Ibn Saud is a descendant of the original founder Abdul Wahab. He is the supreme Wahabi sheik. A Mohammedan Cromwell of today.

A colossus of strength and religion, he is equally gargantuan in marriage—a man of a hundred wives. He has the orthodox four, supplemented by the bounteous matrimonial possibilities of Mohammedan divorce, which has enabled him to make marriage a huge instrument of political power. His hundred weddings have been a vast game of Bedouin statecraft.

Years ago, his father, a defeated sheik, went wandering into exile, taking with him his nine-year-old son. The boy grew up, joined desert robbers, raided, plundered, killed—and schemed to get his lost inheritance. At last with six companions he secretly scaled the mud wall of his ancestral oasis town, slashed the guard to bits, and killed the governor. The tribe hastened to acclaim their hereditary sheik Ibn Saud.

That was in 1900. When the World War came Ibn Saud was the master of Central Arabia. London, working through Lawrence of Arabia, backed the Sherif of Mecca—a blood enemy of Ibn Saud. The British paid fat subsidies to the desert giant to keep him neutral. After the war, London and Lawrence gave crowns to the Sherif of Mecca and his sons. Some say the London Foreign Office and Lawrence of Arabia bet on the wrong horse.

Ibn Saud attacked and drove out the British-appointed King of the Hejaz—where the holy places are, Mecca and Medina. He annexed the Hejaz. Next he assailed and annexed Yemen, Arabia's fertile southwestern shore.

London watched with apprehension but could do nothing.

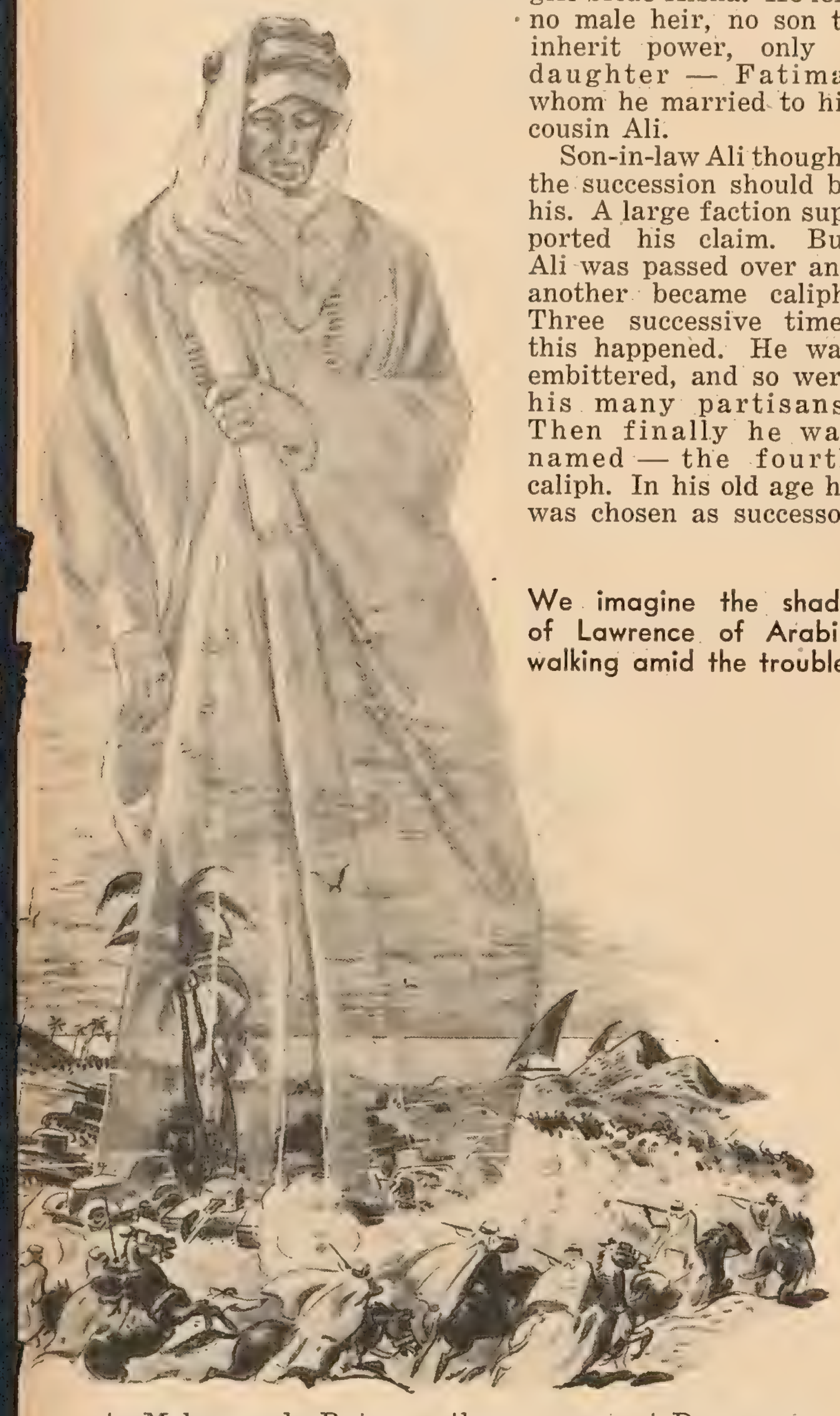
Today his domain more than half surrounds Palestine. And his newest conquest, Yemen, is just across the narrow straits of the Red Sea from Ethiopia. And the Italians are arming him, buying his support with guns.

The British partition scheme proposes to put under Ibn Saud's rule that portion of Palestine awarded to the Arabs. But they want it all. So does he. Suppose he were to invade Palestine with Mussolini's diplomatic blessing and secret military support. Suppose the Wahabi army were to attack the British at Jerusalem, Gaza, Bethlehem with armed help given under cover by the Roman Fascists—an undeclared war, as in Spain. Such a crisis in the eastern Mediterranean would make China and Spain

# Mediterranean

look like toy whirligigs compared with a real tornado.

There's a still further ambition for Ibn Saud. There's an ultimate goal to which he may aspire. It all goes back to the private life of Mohammed, who himself had dozens of wives—without benefit of divorce. However, his many spouses were nearly all widows of comrades in arms killed in battle. He married them to give them legal protection and security. The one real wife of his later years was his girl bride Aisha. He left no male heir, no son to inherit power, only a daughter — Fatima, whom he married to his cousin Ali.



We imagine the shade of Lawrence of Arabia walking amid the trouble.

Son-in-law Ali thought the succession should be his. A large faction supported his claim. But Ali was passed over and another became caliph. Three successive times this happened. He was embittered, and so were his many partisans. Then finally he was named — the fourth caliph. In his old age he was chosen as successor to Mohammed. But now the governor at Damascus refused to recognize him. Civil war in Islam, and Ali was killed. His faction rallied to his two sons, Hasan and Husein—grandsons of Mohammed through Fatima. But Hasan died, poison suspected. Husein made a fight of it, and was killed—Islam's great martyrdom.

The Damascus governor was recognized as caliph in orthodox succession—but not by the party of Ali. They became the heretics. Islam was divided by a great schism which still cleaves the Mohammedan world—the orthodox Sunnites and the heretical Shiites.

The orthodox caliphate at Damascus was succeeded by the still more glorious caliphate of Bagdad. Later the Sultan of the Ottoman Turks became caliph. The Turkish leadership of Islam continued until the overthrow of Turkey in the World War. The sultan was dethroned and Mustafa Kemal abolished the caliphate.

But suppose the caliphate were to be re-established. Who might claim it? What sovereign is more orthodox than the Sheik of the Wahabis? Should he become King of United Arabia, would not tradition support him as caliph, modern successor to Mohammed? A seductive vision for Mussolini's agents to insinuate.

What about Great Britain? What power can London interpose? The answer points to an astonishing figure, and he is Number Three man in this drama.

Heretical Islam through the centuries placed its faith in the blood descent of the Prophet—the family of Ali and Fatima. The Shiites gave their allegiance to descendants of the Prophet for twelve generations—twelve imams, as they were hailed. The twelfth imam vanished in mystery. The belief was formed that he did not die but is waiting to return and will reappear on some great day—as the Mahdi. Hence the Mahdis that pop up from time to time, usually making trouble for European Powers that rule Mohammedans. Today ten million Mohammedans are of the Shiite heresy. They're scattered everywhere and are dominant in Persia. A Mahdi may rise among them any time—though there's none in sight now.

There was heresy within heresy. Some of the imam believers refused to recognize all twelve, accepted only seven. There was dispute about the seventh imam. There were two brothers. One Ismail was disinherited. A faction of the imam believers continued to recognize him and became the Ismaili. Heretics among heretics, they were doubly persecuted. They formed societies. They were embittered and ferocious. The climax came with the Assassins, whom the Crusaders knew by the terror of the Old Man of the Mountain. The Assassins were overthrown by the Mongols of Genghis Khan half a dozen centuries ago, but the cult still exists—known today as the Koja Ismaili.

These modern Assassins are a pious peaceful brotherhood, concentrated in India, though scattered elsewhere. They have a supreme religious leader, their pontiff, their imam. He is a descendant of Mohammed, of Ali, and of the imams of old. He is the Aga Khan, president of the League of Nations.

His Highness Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah the Aga Khan, Prince of India and Grandee of Persia! To hundreds of thousands he is sacred, infallible. His word is religious law.

Every member of the Koja Ismaili cult gives two per cent of his yearly income to the Aga Khan, like Peter's Pence of Islam. And each year they present him with his weight in gold. His weight at last reports was over 237 pounds, and that in gold comes to about $125,000. His income is rated at $10,000,000 a year. A great share of it is dedicated to the welfare of the Ismaili.

This descendant of Mohammed is exquisitely British. He was reared by British tutors and graduated from Cambridge. His sport is supremely British—racing; he is a three-time Derby winner. His son and successor is married to an Englishwoman. Politically he is ultra-British. During the World War he was a vast influence in holding India loyal. During the postwar turmoil in India, at every point he threw the power of his Moslem sect to the support of the British raj. In the Ethiopian crisis he backed London, the League of Nations, and sanctions against Italy. Then, as Britain's man, he was elected president of the League of Nations.

Thus, in the British-Italian struggle for the eastern Mediterranean, the two greatest figures of Islam stand on opposite sides.

In what fashion can the Aga Khan counterbalance Ibn Saud?

We of the West think of Islam as a religious unit. But it is far from that. There are powerful heretical elements to which the Aga Khan can speak with a persuasive voice. He might conduct an effective counter-propaganda against the Ibn Saud-Italian program.

Such is the drama of three men and a Foreign Office.

THE END

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

# Darkness HAD A Lovely Voice

A gay, sparkling tale of love and midsummer madness . . The story of an invisible enchantress' guile

### BY ALBERTA HUGHES WAHL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

OH, shoot!" said the darkness beside him on the clubhouse veranda.

Don sat up and peered around the shoulder of his chair at the chair beyond, but he couldn't see a thing. There were no lights, no windows down at this end of the veranda. That was why he had chosen to sit here.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, settling back.

"Everything's wrong!" said the darkness, so violently that he jumped. Yes, she was in the chair next to him!

Darkness had rather a lovely voice. Like a waterfall, he thought poetically.

"Somebody stole my man," said Darkness. "And I want him back. What would you do about that?"

Don considered. "Are you engaged?"

"And how! Wedding invitations all ready, trousseau bought—then She comes along!"

"Whew!" Don whistled. "Is She pretty?"

"Not any prettier than I am," said Darkness swiftly. "Oh, I suppose, if you like the type, she is. Dark hair, pallor, lots of lipstick, a figure—if you know what I mean."

Don knew. He had a special weakness for "you know what I mean."

"And your type?"

"The opposite, of course. The American beauty, you know. Blue eyes, goldish-brown hair, very slim."

"That's nice too," said Don politely.

"Thanks," Darkness acknowledged dryly. Then—"I don't suppose you'd consider helping me out?"

"What?" Don sat up. "Don't you think," he suggested guilefully, "that the situation's past all help?"

"I do not. You could help a lot if you would."

"You don't even know who I am," Don protested weakly.

"Nonsense! Of course I do. Why do you suppose I took off my slippers, followed you out here, and sat down beside you and said what I did? The only new visiting man in town is known at once, sight and name, to every woman under eighty. You're Donald Stone and you'll do nicely."

"Thanks. But I don't know you."

"You have my description. I have on a blue chiffon dress with no back and three rows of pink velvet ribbon on the skirt."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Don curiously.

"You are a grand guy!" said Darkness warmly. "I want you to charm my rival away from my man."

"Oh!" Don had thought that she would want him to make love to her and thus make her fiancé jealous. He suggested this. Darkness was properly scornful.

"Old stuff! Besides, it just wouldn't work with Arthur Bradley. You see," Darkness sounded a little embarrassed, "Arthur has some reason for snooting me. I'm afraid I took him pretty much for granted. I ran around with other men a bit—you know how it is—played tennis and golf with them, flirted a little at dances. I didn't mean anything, and it wouldn't have done any harm if She hadn't come along one night when Arthur and I had just finished the fight of our careers. Since then she's had it all her own way. But tonight has been the tops! I might as well be home, reading a book—not even a good book. I saw you come in with the colonel, take a look, and go out. So—I—"

"So you decided to take the offensive," approved Don. "We'll have a go at it. Explain the campaign, general."

"Well, you see," Darkness began eagerly, "Arthur is a whole generation behind. Oh, not in age," she added hastily, as Don snorted. "He's only thirty. But he thinks a woman should sit by the fire and knit and wait for the Big Shot to come home. He simply can't stand having a woman who belongs to him speak or look or smile at another man. So, you see, if by charming my rival away from him you show her up to be a fickle wench, even less to be relied on than me, then he'll be disillusioned and . . ."

"He sounds like an awful twirk," interjected Don disgustedly.

"I suppose he does," agreed Darkness quietly. "But I happen to love him, you see. That makes a difference."

"Sorry," murmured Don.

"Oh, that's all right. I'm not blind to Arthur's faults. But I want him back. I can make him happy. She never could. She wouldn't even try."

"I say," Don broke in, "if Arthur is the lad you admit he is, what does she see in him?"

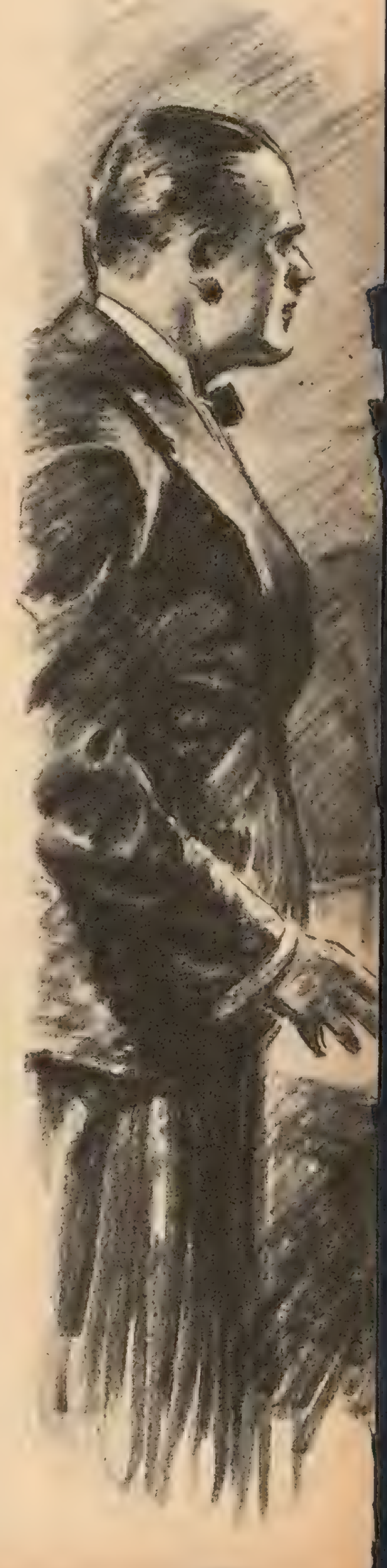
"Arthur's father," said Darkness calmly, "left him three million dollars. And my rival is a penniless unknown actress in a summer stock company with no job for the winter in sight."

"And you expect me to charm this young woman away from three million dollars? Lady, lady!"

"Oh, I have that all figured out," said Darkness firmly. "She's ambitious. And it isn't as though she were in love with Arthur. I'm sure she loathes him. I thought if you told her that you were a theatrical producer or something and could get her a job you might get her to ignore Arthur just for the evening. That would give me a chance. And, once he's disillusioned, he won't ever want to see her again."

"You've certainly got this all worked out, haven't you?" said Don. "Well, maybe she deserves it."

"Of course she does," said Darkness. "Well, let's get going.



I'll go in first. You smoke one cigarette, then come in, find her, and get an introduction to her from the colonel. He's mad about her."

"What sort of dress is she wearing?"

"Oh, a thing with black-and-white zebra stripes, sort of," said Darkness cattily. "You can't miss it." She hesitated. "Please don't try to see what I look like when I go in," she begged. "I'm beginning to feel terribly embarrassed about the whole thing."

He closed his eyes obediently. He heard the sh-sh of silken skirts, the clicking of high heels on the wood floor. When he opened his eyes again everything was quiet. With an enormous impatience he lit a cigarette, puffing it quickly and nervously. In the end he cheated, crushing the half-smoked cigarette beneath his heel.

He stood for a moment at the entrance to the ballroom. Looking for the girl he thought of as Darkness, he found her almost at once, in the arms of a gangling redheaded youth. Somehow, she wasn't all that he had expected. Perhaps it was the mouth that disappointed him, well cut but with thin lips drawn down in a discontented expression.

As he stared, her eyes met his over her partner's shoulder. Don held himself in readiness to give a wink or a grin that would acknowledge their conspiracy, but her eyes slid over him impersonally.

"Good for you, my girl," Don complimented her discretion silently.

Now for the Rival! She was not so easy to find, it would seem. Again and again his eyes circled the room. He concluded that she was not dancing.

His eye was suddenly caught by a rather rotund young man walking nervously back and forth beneath the archway that separated the ballroom from the lounge. Even as Don watched, he darted forward eagerly. A girl, of course, thought Don. A girl? It was the Rival!

She stood under the arch, one slim hand in Arthur's feverish clasp, the other hand holding up the circular flounces of her dress. Oh, Lord, but wasn't she lovely! The warmth and vitality of her as she stood there! And who but a jealous woman would have described that dress as "zebra stripes, sort of"? The black-and-white material of which it was made seemed to float in a spiral from shoulder to heel, skillfully emphasizing every curve of that glorious figure.

Oh, Darkness, Darkness! Don thought with an odd feeling of disloyalty. You're licked before you start.

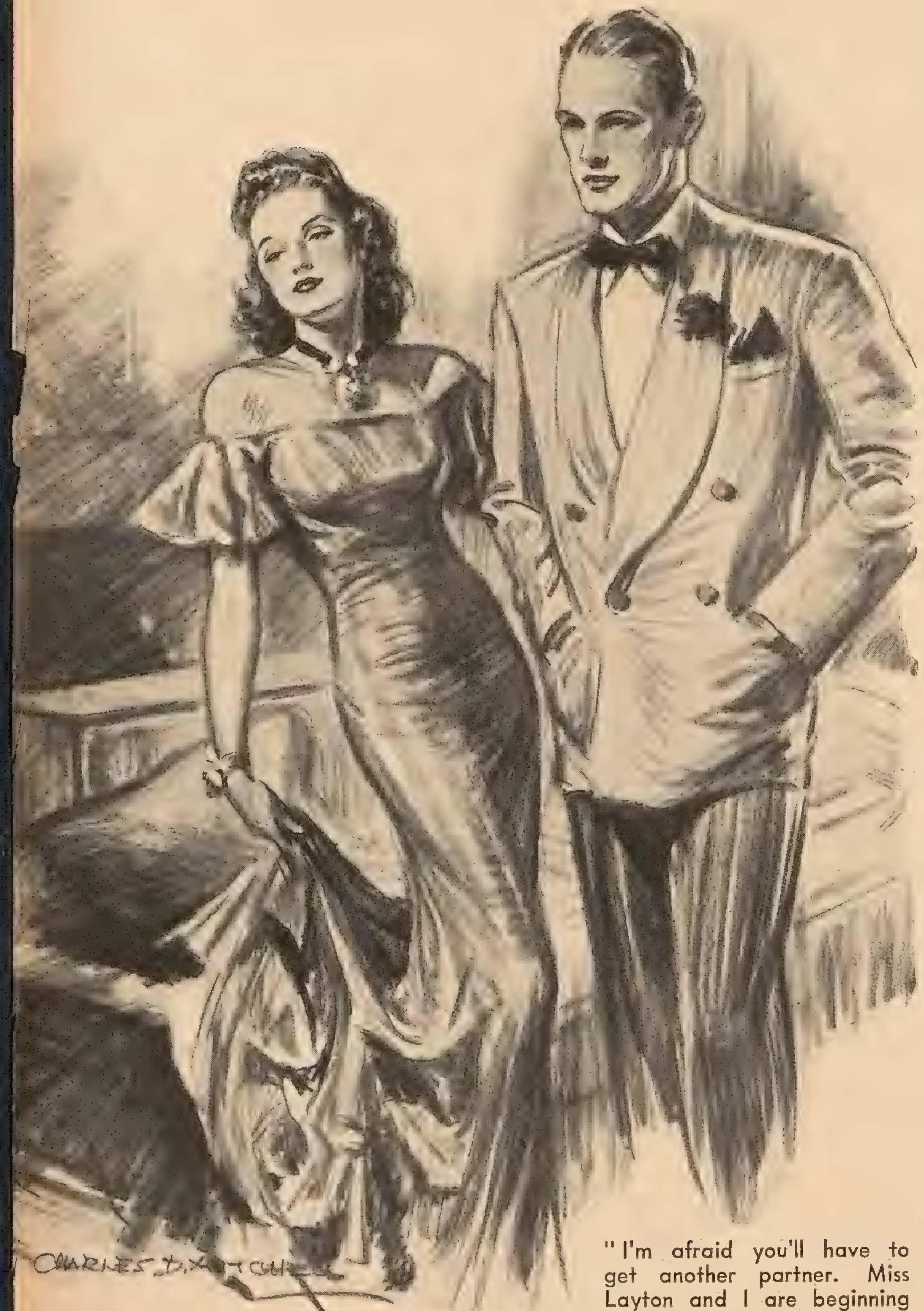
"Well, here goes!" he said under his breath and dashed off to find his genial host, Colonel Ardsley Withers. Colonel Withers, discovered in the bar, was only too glad to oblige. It was tough being an old bachelor, with nothing to do but read the sporting page and gossip and take an occasional drink—and not much of that any more, what with his neuritis.

But the colonel was happy now, trotting through the lounge, one arm linked with Don's, his red face merry, relating to Don in his high carrying voice all that he knew of the young lady.

"Very fine girl. Some people down on her lately. Think she's tryin' to get her hooks into Arthur Bradley. Father left him three million dollars. Humph! Take more'n that to get me to marry him. Has a face like a boiled pudding! Got a nice girl, though. Lucy Runyan her name is, old Bill Runyan's girl. Yes, sir, a sweet little girl! Pretty as a picture! And I'll bet she's got almost as much money as Bradley has, at that. Don't mind saying, though, that the other one's more to my taste. Got spirit, that one! She must be an armful!" The colonel shook his white head regretfully.

Don seized the colonel's arm. "There she is!"

She was still with Arthur, talking animatedly to him, yet glancing repeatedly over her shoulder. Following her glance, Don saw the face of Darkness. Darkness was sitting along the opposite wall among the dowagers. Her pretty mouth was set in a stiff desperate smile.



"I'm afraid you'll have to get another partner. Miss Layton and I are beginning a beautiful friendship."

The colonel led him to the Rival and presented him, with a flourish.

"How do you do?" The low voice was cool, amused. Don bowed over the hand she gave him.

"Oh, Mr. Stone, you haven't met Mr. Bradley. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Stone. Are you staying with Colonel Withers, Mr. Stone?"

"Yes," said Don.

"For the rest of the season?"

"That depends entirely on you," said Don clearly, looking at her.

"Really?"

That was all, but her mouth curved suddenly, merrily, and Don knew that she was not offended. His first success emboldened him. He turned a glance of direct appeal on the colonel, who stood listening avidly, shamelessly.

"Weren't you telling me, colonel, that Mr. Bradley is associated with you in business?"

"Eh?" said the colonel vaguely. And then, catching on, he said, with all the tact of an elephant crashing through the jungle, "By the way, Bradley, now that Julie's taken care of, if you could give me a few minutes . . ."

Arthur turned toward Julie Layton. She waved him off gaily. "Mr. Stone won't mind looking after me for one dance."

Arthur gave Don a vicious look and went off with the colonel.

ALBERTA HUGHES WAHL

*can't remember a time when she wasn't trying to write. Settling down to it seriously two years ago, she soon sold her first story. She is a graduate of Barnard and lives in New Jersey with her husband and their two youthful daughters.*

"MAY I have the next dance, Miss Layton?" Don was very formal.

"You not only may—you must. I don't like being a wallflower."

"How do you know you don't?"

"Very nice indeed," she thanked him mockingly.

They discovered at once that they danced beautifully together. She was almost as tall as he, and her dark head against his cheek made it hard for him to think.

He aroused himself to ask, "Isn't your season nearly over?"

"In two weeks," she told him. "Then I shall don my best bib and tucker and try to persuade some one in New York that I'm a budding Sarah Bernhardt."

"Perhaps I could help you," suggested Don.

"Why, how?" She looked at him with a new interest.

Don compromised with his conscience by saying something that if not so glamorous was at least true.

"My roommate in college is now one of the best known producers in New York. Phil Baldwin. Do you know him?"

"I know of him." She drew a deep breath. "Do you still see him?"

"Oh, all the time. We play squash together every week. I'd be glad to introduce you to him if you like."

"If I like!" Her eyes fairly glittered. "If I like! Of course I like! Perhaps it will be the Chance. When can I see him?"

"Well"—Don was staggered by her directness—"let's see. Phil's in Europe just now, but I expect he'll be back in a week or two. Suppose you ring me up as soon as you get back to the city. You'll find me any morning during the week from nine thirty to one at our office. I'm an architect. The firm is Birch, Birch, & Stone. I'm the last and least, you see."

She looked at him thoroughly, consideringly. "I doubt that," she said.

Don felt oddly flattered.

"Thank you. And now shall we stop talking shop and get acquainted?"

She looked at him sideways. "I thought we were."

"Did you indeed? You are too easily satisfied, then. I want to know a lot more about you. Where you buy your clothes, what you like to do, and eat, and read—"

"Good heavens!" she protested. "If you hadn't told me your profession I'd take you for a psychologist. Well, then, I buy my clothes wherever I can find simple things that are cheap." She caught his unbelieving look toward her dress. "Oh, not this! This is something special. It's a hand-me-down from a friend. I love wrestling matches, especially bad ones, and six-day bicycle races, and New Mexico, and silver spoons that have been worn thin." She paused for breath. "And what do I like to eat? Everything, only I can't or I'd have no figure. Broiled chicken and green salad and biscuit Tortoni and frankfurters and apple pie with cheese and black-bean soup and—oh, I could go on forever!"

"Enough! Enough!" said Don. "I'm getting hungry."

"So am I," said Julie. "But then I always am."

"Young Mr. Bradley," remarked Don, "seems to take an interest in you. Is it serious?"

"Serious?" She threw back her head and laughed. "Arthur? No, indeed. Just a light summer flirtation. He has a fiancée, you know. She made things rather rough for him earlier in the summer and he came to me for consolation."

You mendacious little minx, thought Don. I'd like to kiss you for every lie you tell tonight.

The music ended in a crash of chords.

"Come on down to the bar and have a drink," he suggested.

"Well—" She hesitated, gave in suddenly. "I'd love it. Let's go!"

Halfway through the lounge, Don heard an impatient voice behind them.

"Julie! Julie!"

They stopped and turned. Arthur was hurrying toward them.

"Julie, where are you going? You're having the next dance with me."

Julie stood silent, apparently undecided.

Don said, "I'm afraid you'll have to get another partner, Bradley. Miss Layton and I are just beginning a beautiful friendship."

"I don't like your manner," said Arthur hotly. "Julie, are you coming?"

Julie looked at Don. Don said nothing.

"Don't be silly, Arthur," she said lightly. "Mr. Stone is from New York and we have a great deal to talk about. I'm sorry. Perhaps later."

She turned to Don. He offered her his arm. He was ashamed of feeling so exultant.

"You're a trouper," he told her warmly.

"I guess that's what I am, all right," she agreed wryly. "Only sometimes it doesn't get you anywhere."

"I'll see that it does this time," Don told her and meant it. Thank the Lord, he thought, he could say it and mean it.

"Look here," he said suddenly. "We're both hungry. What do you say we go somewhere for a drink and a sandwich?"

"That would be grand."

"Good girl!" He squeezed her hand. "Get your things. I'll see you at the door in half a minute," he told her.

AS soon as she had disappeared Don headed for the bench where the club bellboys sat.

"Boy!" One of them popped up. "Do you know Mr. Arthur Bradley? Yes? Well, I want you to find him and tell him Miss Runyan wants to see him immediately."

"Yes, sir"—catching the coin Don tossed him. "Thank you, sir!"

"I hope I've done the right thing, Darkness," he murmured under his breath. "The rest of the campaign is up to you."

Julie kept Don waiting at the door just long enough to make him wonder if she had changed her mind. No, there she was, like a dark queen in a long full-skirted coat of some stiff red material. She came toward him smiling.

"Where shall we go?" asked Don.

"There's a place along the Inshore Road, called the Locker, that's rather good. It's about ten miles from here. Is that too far?"

"The farther the better," said Don gallantly.

As they sped along the road she said, "I should have added riding at night to my list of likes. I have a passion for it."

"I'm glad we have so many of the same tastes," said

Don. "I like riding at night, too—with you. And I hope we shall see a lot of each other in New York this winter."

"'That,'" said Julie, quoting, "'depends entirely on you.'"

They laughed together.

"Oh, look!" cried Julie. "Isn't that lovely?"

Don looked. To their right, below and curving outward, was the inlet, shimmering silver on black.

Don pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

"Let's sit for a few moments and watch it," he suggested. "It's so cool and quiet. Do you mind?"

"No, I love it. I have an old car. Sometimes after the performance I drive out here by myself. Somehow, the darkness, the quiet, help me to think."

"Of what?"

"What do all women think of? Love and a career and how life goes by so quickly." Her voice enriched the simple words and gave them new significance.

"Go on," said Don.

She glanced at him almost shyly.

"From there on it's marked, 'Private property, no trespassing,'" she said gravely.

DON drew in his breath. He had it now—something that had been eluding him. He straightened up. "You know," he said quickly, "I've always admired your type. The typical American beauty, you know. Blue eyes, goldish-brown hair—"

"Why . . . what . . ." gasped Julie.

"And that dress you have on," he went on steadily, "with the pink velvet ribbon, you know. The blue accentuates the color of your eyes. Your name, though, I must confess is a disappointment. Lucy. No," he shook his head, "it doesn't suit you. Now, if I might suggest the name Julie . . ."

"When—where—how long have you known?" she demanded.

"Only since a minute ago," he told her. "It was your voice more than anything else. I thought when I heard it in the dark on the veranda that it was the loveliest voice I had ever listened to. Then, when I came in and saw Lucy Runyan and thought she was the girl who went with the voice, I was disappointed, somehow. Her face just didn't match the voice. And then the look she gave me! As if I were a moth she'd found in her fur coat. That didn't seem right either. When the colonel introduced me to you, again I had a queer feeling of something familiar that I couldn't place. It was your voice, of course. But it was only now, when I heard it in the dark again, that I knew."

"Are you angry with me?"

"No," said Don. "I should be, but I'm not. Only bewildered. I ask myself, Why, why? It all made sense before, but now it doesn't."

"Well, you see, it goes back to the beginning of the summer. This Lucy Runyan who I pretended to be is—well, she's always had everything—looks, a family, money, clothes. Probably when she grows up a bit, she'll be all right, but right now she's selfish and snobbish. The first time I came to one of the club dances, the men gave me rather a rush. You know what the word 'actress' means to some males. She was annoyed. She took the first opportunity to snub me very pointedly. She talked about me to other people, saying nasty little things that came back to me, of course. It began to get under my skin. Then I got childish too. I decided if she was going to go around saying I was an adventuress, I'd show her what I really could do along those lines.

"Any one with half an eye could see she was giving Arthur the run-around. While she was doing that, I put forth a little effort and annexed him. It wasn't hard. All he wanted was some one to tell him how wonderful he was.

"Oh, I know it wasn't nice," she went on hurriedly. "And almost at once I was ashamed of myself. I tried to get out of it gracefully but I couldn't. You see, Arthur began to take it seriously—"

"You mean he fell in love with you," said Don curtly.

"I'm afraid he did, a little," Julie confessed miserably. "As much as he could ever fall in love with something that wasn't his own reflection."

"You could do with a good spanking," Don told her flatly.

"I know. I agree. Well, to go on—I was beginning to get worried. I knew the wedding was to be at the end of the summer. Then tonight I was watching you when you were with the colonel. And suddenly it all seemed so beautifully simple."

Don said maliciously, "And you knew I was a friend of Baldwin and you thought—"

"I didn't! I didn't!" she flashed. "I didn't even know where you came from. I thought you were the nicest-looking thing I'd seen in years and I wanted to know you. So there! You must think me a shameless creature."

"I think you're a magnificent actress and I'm going to tell Phil Baldwin. What's more—I think you're a darling and a wonderful woman and I'm going to devote the next hundred years to telling you so."

"That's nice," said Julie amiably. "I've always thought a grand passion would improve my acting."

"Grand passion, indeed!" Don teased her. "You'd never do for a great lover. Who ever heard of Camille or Cleopatra being hungry? No, Miss Layton. What your acting needs is a perfectly respectable humdrum husband who will keep your acting where it belongs—on the stage."

"I have a very trusting nature, and am easily convinced," said Julie, and as he turned to her purposefully she said quickly, "I wonder how Arthur and Lucy are getting on."

"Don't worry about them," said Don smugly. "I fixed all that."

"What?" Julie sat up and stared. "You what?"

"I fixed it up," explained Don. "I sent a bellboy to tell Arthur that Lucy wanted to see him immediately. Why, what's the matter?" he asked, as Julie started to speak.

JULIE giggled. "So did I fix it up, and the same way! Now I'm sure they'll be all right. All those messages will soothe his ego, and Lucy, if she has any sense, will never deny sending them. Thank heaven, they're off our consciences."

"Now you can pay a little attention to me," suggested Don. "I've been wanting to kiss you all night, Darkness."

"Why do you call me that?"

"I've called you that to myself since you first spoke to me in the dark," said Don. "I'll always think of you that way."

"How romantic," commented Julie.

"You know," said Don, laughing, "that's the secret of your charm."

"What?" asked Julie with professional curiosity. "Tell me quick!"

"You look and talk like the most romantic reckless creature, and really you have the soul of a . . ." He hesitated.

"Of a suburban housewife," finished Julie for him. "I know. Isn't it dreadful?"

"It's swell," Don told her. "It's like bitters in a cocktail. I'd miss it if it weren't there. And now, what about the kiss?"

"You asked for it," said Julie and lifted her face.

After a while they stopped and Don said solemnly, "Julie, I take it all back. You have it in you to become a great adventuress."

"Every woman has," Julie told him, patting his cheek. "But at the moment, really, darling, I'd rather eat!"

THE END

## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

### by Oliver Swift

**★★★ LAUGHING ODYSSEY** by Eileen Bigland. The Macmillan Company.

One of the most fascinating travel books we have read in years; as gay, grim, emotional, comic—and as long-winded as the Russia it describes. Don't miss it.

# Why Do 50,000,000 People Stay Home from the Movies?

## By NAT J. FERBER

A scene from San Francisco, the film with almost universal appeal.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FIFTY million Americans rarely see a motion picture." "Only sixty-five per cent of the American public may be classified as motion-picture-conscious."

The first statement was made to me by Jack L. Warner, production head of Warner Bros.; the second, by Sidney R. Kent, president of Twentieth Century-Fox.

To judge from my talks with these two, and with various other executives, Hollywood is keenly aware of the large number of people who consistently stay away from movies. And it is out to get Jack Warner's fifty million, which includes savants, busy social leaders, and plain high-brows—who seldom enter a picture theater.

True, heads of the industry differ to some degree as to how it can be done. Warner points to the massive and carefully authenticated pictures offered to the ultra-discriminating. Such films, he says, as The Story of Louis Pasteur, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet helped create a new audience while holding the old.

Mr. Kent, on the other hand, contends that the industry must not rely too much on the so-called "superspecial," but that producers must find a picture with a universal appeal. And he believes that at least one picture, M-G-M's San Francisco, almost met universal specifications.

He reasons along lines outlined by almost every studio executive in Hollywood in choosing this picture as nearest the ideal for attracting a diversified patronage. Disposing of such necessary factors as a good story, good acting, good direction, they agree that both high-brows and low-brows resent having sprung on them a theme, character, or major situation of which they have never heard. They want pictures dealing with facts, characters, or themes with which they have some familiarity.

San Francisco, according to Kent, conformed to these elemental requirements and, in addition, intrigued all classes by its difficult mechanical aspects.

Not in more pictures, but in better ones, lies the answer to the problem of acquiring new and keeping old movie audiences, according to William Le Baron, managing director of production at Paramount.

And the astute Walter Wanger agrees. "Inject as much high quality as possible into each picture," he says, "and at the same time keep the picture so down to earth that every one will be able to understand and enjoy it."

Producers have been successful in doing this with some of their light-comedy films, observes Hunt Stromberg, M-G-M producer. The sophisticates who revel in Noel Coward's plays have found highly amusing such pictures as The Thin Man and It Happened One Night, which have also been popular with regular fans.

Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, cites Columbia's operatic film, One Night of Love, as a picture that appealed to the masses as well as to high-brows, and remarks: "We received thousands of letters from men and women who said they had never seen a motion picture before. That picture sold *them*."

Samuel J. Briskin contends that no one type of story will bring all classes of people to the theater.

With this in mind, he says that RKO has "sought extraordinary and unusual material to provide pictures off the beaten track."

Jesse L. Lasky is optimistic about making moviegoers of the fifty million. He says: "The filming of Shakespearean, historical, and biographical subjects has definitely widened the screen's appeal. Continued elevation of the quality of the productions is the surest way for the industry to capture additional millions of patrons."

And yet Shakespearean and historical films were, not so many years ago, looked upon as foregone failures. Why are they now successful?

One answer is that changing world thought has brought about a different mental outlook on all things. The popular mind runs into more sober, serious channels.

Another is that better minds drawn into motion-picture work finally evolved ways of injecting entertainment value into more or less cultural subjects.

Still another is that the League of Decency, in its crusade, "kicked the movies upstairs."

As Jack Warner points out, producers were forced to turn to the classics and epochal events when they discovered that they could not bring to the screen more than a small number of modern books and plays without violating the standards set up by the League. At first they bewailed the necessity; then cashed in on it.

And they cashed in not only in money. The new and higher type pictures brought maturity to an adolescent industry. The picture business has grown up. And it proposes to stay grown up as a means of getting the support of that fifty million.

THE END

# The story of the 3 wise corks

**CHAMPAGNE CORK:**

"In sunny France I'm labelled *Sec*—
That means *no sweetness*—not a speck!"

**SHERRY CORK:**

"I face the world with great bravado,
For I am *dry* Amontillado!"

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES

**PAUL JONES CORK:**

"A mellow, robust whiskey, I—
And proud to state: *I, too, am DRY!*"

*What do we mean*—A DRY WHISKEY?

DRY means simply: *not sweet.*

It is a quality that has always distinguished the finest champagne and sherry. And it is a quality that has made Paul Jones Whiskey such a prime favorite with men who know liquor.

To find out what a real difference DRYNESS can make in a highball or cocktail, try Paul Jones. You'll find it hearty, rich, full-bodied—yet without a tinge of sweetness. And we think you'll find, too, that *that's* exactly the kind of whiskey you've been looking for!

## Paul Jones

*A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865*

A blend of straight whiskies
100% *straight* whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Frankfort
ONE QUART

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MRS. LEONORA GILLESPIE, president of Doodads, Inc., is jealously possessive toward her only son, Paul. Although he has been trained in architecture, she insists that he work with her in her business—most of which she carries on from an office in her penthouse—and keeps him at her beck and call as a combined errand boy and escort. Desperately afraid that he will fall in love, she selects her secretaries and maids mainly for their plainness.

So at first it looks as though pretty Janet Carraway, sent by an agency to fill the vacancy left by the departure of Mrs. Gillespie's last middle-aged secretary, has no chance of getting the job. But work has piled up and Mrs. Gillespie, badly in need of help, agrees to take her on temporarily until she can find some one more "suitable."

Warned by Ellen, the maid, of Mrs. Gillespie's attitude toward Paul, Janet keeps the young man at a distance. His mother notices her ostentatious indifference and approves.

Then, one day when Janet is alone in the office, the applecart tips over. Paul comes in and proposes. Janet, fighting the strong attraction he has for her, reminds him that his attentions are endangering her job.

"If you cared for me," he tells her, "your job could go hang. I could get a job and support you."

"You could get *what?*" queries a voice from the doorway—and they both look up and meet the blazing eyes of Leonora Gillespie.

## PART TWO—A HONEYMOON AGAINST ODDS

MRS. GILLESPIE'S head was wrapped in a towel. She looked like an Eastern potentate in a turban and a temper.

"I went to your room, Paul," she told her son. "My hairdresser needed some more white henna. You weren't there. I heard voices and so I came in here. I've been standing on the threshold for several minutes."

She turned on Janet. "I knew it was a mistake letting you in this place." Her voice was as shrill as a rusty file grating on steel. "Naturally curly hair and a dimple and big eyes—"

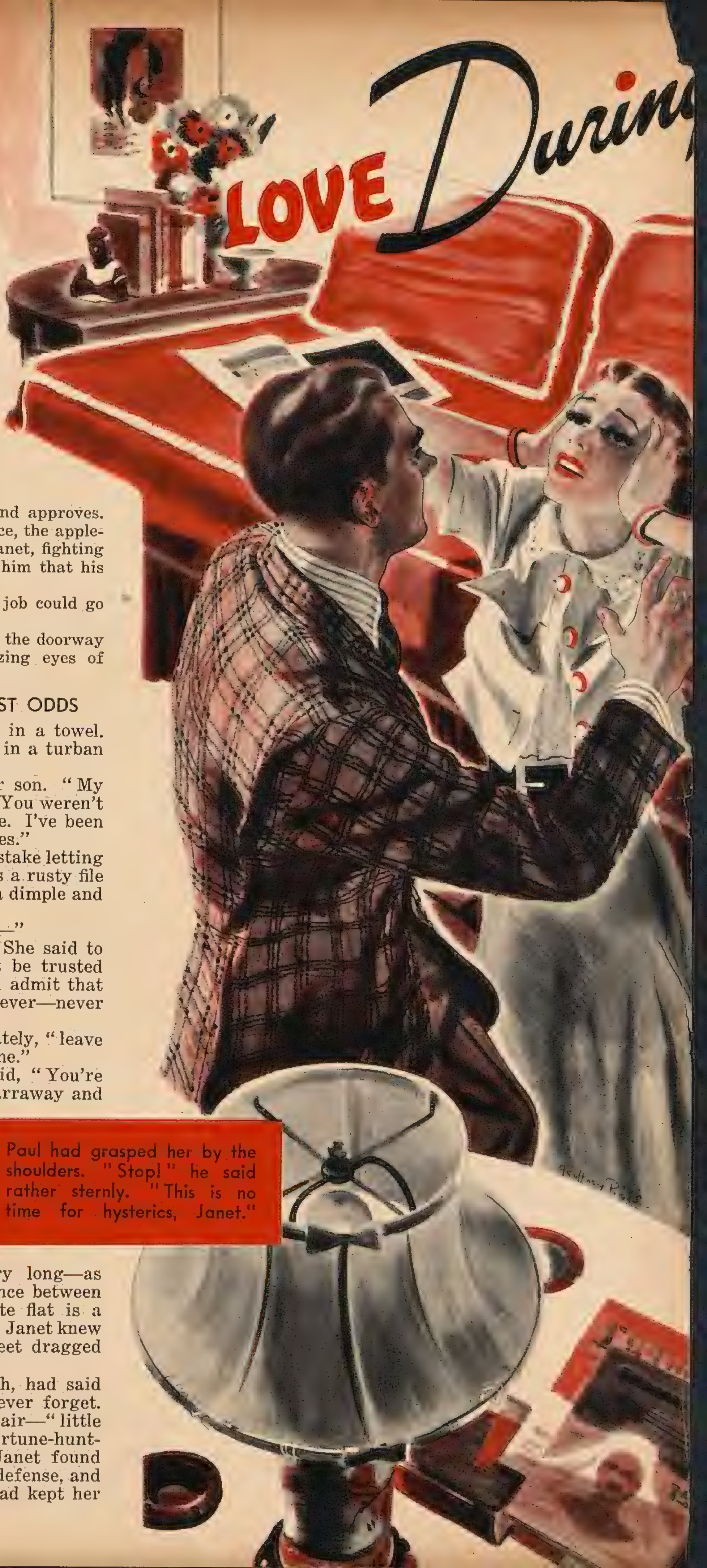
Janet murmured, "Please, Mrs. Gillespie—"

Mrs. Gillespie raised a hand for silence. She said to Janet: "You're the type of girl who can't be trusted within a mile of an attractive man. Oh, I'll admit that you fooled me for a time. You were very clever—never looking at him, and—"

Paul interposed. "Mater," he said desperately, "leave Janet out of this. This is between you and me."

Mrs. Gillespie looked at her son. She said, "You're quite wrong, Paul—this is between Miss Carraway and myself. Will you leave us, please?"

Much to Janet's surprise, Paul turned on his heel and walked swiftly out of the room. Twenty minutes later, her head buzzing and her eyes crowded with angry tears, Janet walked out of the room, too.



Paul had grasped her by the shoulders. "Stop!" he said rather sternly. "This is no time for hysterics, Janet."

THE distance from the Gillespie penthouse to Janet's flat was not very long—as measured in blocks. But the spiritual distance between a penthouse and a one-room-plus-kitchenette flat is a rather great one. As she walked slowly along, Janet knew that she was covering a vast space. Her feet dragged and her forehead felt stiff.

For Mrs. Leonora Gillespie, in her wrath, had said certain things to Janet that Janet would never forget. Phrases came back now from out of the very air—"little impostor"—"grasping opportunist"—"fortune-hunting minx." These were a few of them. Janet found herself wondering why she hadn't made any defense, and realized that some latent sense of dignity had kept her

# BUSINESS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

## Swiftly dreams fade, grim realities appear, in a vivid short novel of two young hearts and a hazardous romance

### BY MARGARET E. Sangster

silent. Her job was over, anyway—what was the use, then, of raising her voice in protest or in anger?

It wasn't only her job that was finished, either—it was something else. Janet knew—with an odd sense of loss and emptiness—that some of her faith and more than a little bit of her heart had walked out of the room with Paul Gillespie when, at his mother's command, he left her to face the music. Paul, who had talked so glibly of love!

Now, trudging along toward her flat, she was honest enough to admit that she had been strongly attracted toward him. "I could have loved him a lot," she thought wistfully as she turned in at the dingy walk-up that was her dwelling place. "Given an average set of breaks, I could have made him happy."

It was midafternoon, but Janet's flat was dark. She walked tiredly to the single window that looked out upon a blank wall—as blank and drab as her life would be from now on.

Many things were in disorder around the little flat. Since working for the president of Doodads, Inc., Janet had been forced to rush out early in the morning, leaving her housework undone. Now—mechanically—she made up her studio bed, rinsed out the coffeepot, and dried a cup and saucer. She dusted furniture vigorously, but she couldn't see the real dust because of the film that stood out dustily before her eyes. All at once she was lying upon the studio bed and was crying as if her heart would break. She didn't stop crying until a knock sounded on the door. She didn't stop crying even then, but she went to the door just the same. It might be a telegram—or something.

IT wasn't a telegram—it was Paul. Janet noticed that his face was a trifle pale and that his chin had a new strength to it.

"What are you doing here?" she faltered, and Paul said quite simply, "May I bring in my suitcase?"

Janet couldn't think of any adequate reply, so she stepped aside, and Paul walked into the room, suitcase in hand. And then all at once she was laughing so hard that she shook all over, and Paul had dropped his luggage and had grasped her by the shoulders.

"Stop!" he said rather sternly. "This is no time for hysterics, Janet."

Janet stared up into his face. And suddenly the desire to laugh died a desperate and ugly death.

"You ran out on me, Paul," she managed. "You did!"

Paul answered, "I know I did. I thought you'd understand."

Janet asked, "How could I—understand?"

Paul's hands were tightening on her shoulders. Their pressure hurt a little. He said: "I left my mother's office because I was afraid I'd say something"—he hesitated—"irrevocable. My mother and I got down to hard facts the moment you were gone."

"What sort of—facts?" gulped Janet.

Paul told her: "We started from the time of my father's death—and worked up to the present. You see, dear, I've left home for good. . . . I'm on my own now. I'm tired of being one of my mother's best doodads. I'm tired of being told to dance, like a marionette, when she pulls the strings. I'm tired of everything in the world—except *you*. Oh, Janet darling"—his voice broke—"we'll work it out, won't we?"

Janet's eyes were wide and unsmiling as she made her answer—with another question: "We'll work what out?"

Paul's hands, resting on her shoulders, were quivering. "Marriage," he said a little thickly. And then his hands had slipped down from her shoulders and his arms were around her, tight, and his lips were against her hair, and Janet—her breath in a whirl—heard his voice swaying all around her and saying names that were strange and unbelievable and lovely.

JANET said with a breathless little laugh, "It's fun—being married to a practically strange man."

"Is it?" asked Paul. He came swiftly around the small square breakfast table and sat on the arm of Janet's chair and kissed the top of her head. "You're the most wonderful thing in all the world, Janet," he said, his voice suddenly husky.

"You like me because I'm a novelty," laughed Janet, but there was a strange catch in her throat. Almost shyly she reached up and patted her husband's cheek with a slim forefinger.

"You're a funny little dickens," said Paul, and kissed her again. Not on the head, either. "Do you like your honeymoon, Mrs. Gillespie?"

"I like it very much," Janet told him. "This is the first time I ever stayed in a big hotel."

"So you married me for a room in a big hotel?"

Janet whispered, "I married you because I—I love you."

"And I love you," echoed Paul. He slid off the arm of the chair and landed in the seat beside Janet. Fortunately the chair was a wide one. "I stayed at this hotel once with the mater," he said.

"Oh, I wish you hadn't," exclaimed Janet involuntarily—"I do wish you hadn't!"

Paul slipped an arm around her. "Why?" he queried.

"I'd like it to belong to us, all alone," Janet told him. "I'm a fool, aren't I?"

Paul said, "You're not a fool, and the hotel does belong to us. The whole world belongs to us, in fact. . . . Look across the street at Central Park, angel. I'm going to have the deed to it made out in your name."

"Does that include the reservoir?" asked Janet. "And all the lovely prizefighters who run around it?"

"It includes the reservoir but not the prizefighters," Paul chuckled. "From now on I'm the only man in your life, Janet."

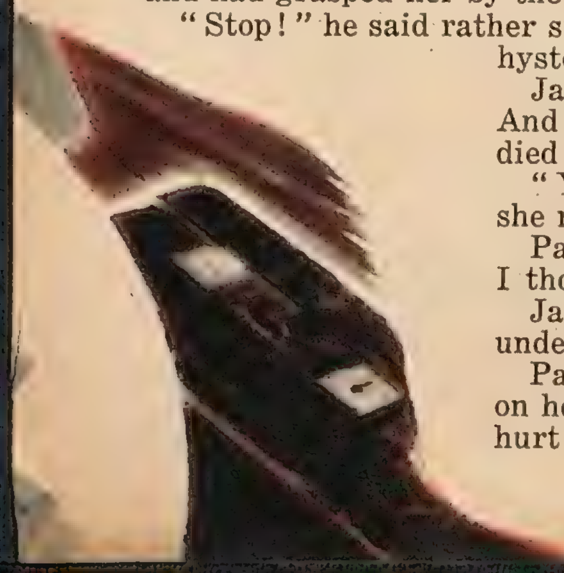
"And I'm the only woman in yours?" breathed Janet. She realized, as she spoke, that it was a question she had been longing to ask ever since she and Paul stood together in front of a stuffy little clerk in the Marriage License Bureau.

Paul hesitated slightly before he answered. "The only woman in my life," he said at last, "forever and ever, amen. Does that suit you, Miss Jealousy?"

"*Mrs.* Jealousy," corrected Janet. "Don't make me feel that I'm living in sin, Paul." She added after a split second, "Have you heard from your mother since you left home?"

"Not—exactly," said Paul. His voice was carefully noncommittal but it didn't divert his wife.

"What do you mean by 'not exactly'?"



"Well," Paul admitted finally, "mother phoned me a couple of times the day we were married."

"And that was—yesterday," Janet murmured.

"Well, anyway, I wasn't in, either time." Paul was almost on the defensive. "So what?"

"And you didn't call back?" asked Janet.

"No," Paul told her, after another of his imperceptible pauses; "I didn't call back. Why should I?"

Janet said: "After all, she's your mother and you're her—her son. . . . Why didn't you call her back, Paul? Were you *afraid* to call her?"

Paul asked very low, "Why should I be afraid, buttonface?"

Janet said, also very low: "You might have been afraid that she'd persuade you not to marry me."

Paul elevated himself abruptly to his original position on the arm of Janet's chair, and suddenly she felt very lonesome and small. When he spoke, after a moment, he sounded a trifle vague and far off.

"That's not a nice crack to make at a new husband," he told Janet. "It was a matter of choice, and I chose you because I love you. What more can you ask, Janet?"

Janet replied, not quite truthfully: "I can't ask anything more, darling—not another thing!"

SHE couldn't ask for any more, really, Janet kept telling herself as her strange, exciting honeymoon lengthened out, day by day. Paul was everything—gay, amusing, lighthearted, sure of himself—and of her. The question of his mother—his ultra-successful wealthy mother who had practically made a gigolo of her only son—lay dormant between them. They breakfasted at their little square table overlooking the park. They lunched in gay places and went to matinees and dinners and night clubs. Paul bought Janet two evening frocks and a gold brocade evening wrap.

"My wedding gift," he told her.

When Janet saw the price ticket on the wrap she gasped. "But, darling," she said, "we can't afford anything as elegant as this!"

"Nothing is too elegant for my first wife," Paul told her grandly.

It was toward the end of their second week together that Paul, checking over the hotel bill, looked up with a faint worried crease between his brows. Janet, sensing what his expression meant, spoke swiftly:

"Two can't live as cheaply as one, can they, darling?"

Paul admitted it freely. "No. It begins to look as if poppa had better go out and get himself a job."

Janet remarked carefully, "Honeymoons have to stop sometime, you know. . . . How much money have you in the bank, dear, or would you rather not tell me?"

Paul laughed charmingly, his worry gone with the wind. "I'd just as lief tell you," he said. "Far be it from me to have secrets from the little woman—" He walked over to the bureau and picked up his checkbook. Janet was silent as he made rapid mental calculation.

"Well," he said at last, "when this week's hotel bill has been paid, we'll have about sixty-five dollars."

Janet was aghast. "Sixty-five dollars! Why, Paul—that's awful! We've got to move out of here at once."

"I suppose it would be wise," Paul said; "and a little apartment somewhere *might* be fun."

Janet asked, "Do you know what little apartments cost, Paul? Nice little apartments, I mean?"

"Why should I?" Paul queried wickedly. "You're the only woman I ever kept."

Janet was suddenly serious. "Darling," she asked, "how much actual cash did you have when you married me?"

Paul spoke airily. "Oh," he said, "I had something more than a thousand dollars."

"My word! We spent it in less than two weeks?"

"And how!" Paul agreed. "We've had a swell time, haven't we, my pet?"

Janet admitted that they had had a swell time. "But," she said, "we've got to get down to brass tacks. Have you any leads, dear? Do you know any architectural firms that would give you work?"

Paul said easily, "Oh, sure, I know of a million architects! Mother has a couple of friends who are away up in the game. I'm positive that they'll give me a start."

"I don't think I'd count on Mrs. Gillespie's friends if I were you," Janet said slowly. "She may have spoken to them and—told them to—well, not to have any vacancies."

"Oh, mother isn't *that* bad," said Paul, and Janet was glad to see that his feelings were apparently uninjured. "If there are any vacancies, I'll get 'em."

"If we take an apartment it will cost seventy-five dollars at least," Janet said briefly, "and we'll have to pay a month's rent in advance. . . . Paul, would you hate very much going back to my room and living there for a while? We can economize if we do that."

Paul wrinkled his nose in distaste. "It was such a dingy room," he said.

Janet agreed: "It is dingy, and after this"—her gesture took in the luxurious hotel appointments—"it will seem even dingier. But we've got to start facing facts, Paul. What have we got to go ahead on?"

"We've got each other and sixty-five dollars in cash and a flock of elegant clothes—"

"I'll admit that's quite a lot," Janet agreed, "but for practical purposes it isn't quite enough. . . . We've also got one shabby room, with the rent paid in advance for the rest of the month. . . . Now we'll go to the other side of the ledger. What haven't we got, Paul?"

"Well," said Paul, "I can't think of anything very important that we haven't got."

Janet told him: "I can. We haven't got jobs, and jobs aren't easy to locate. I was out of work quite a while before I found the place with your mother. I may be out of work a much longer time before I get another job anywhere near as good—"

Paul said savagely, "You'll be out of work for the rest of your life, as far as I'm concerned. My wife isn't going to be a slave—except for me! Boiling an egg for breakfast—and darning a sock for dinner—is as much as I'll ever ask."

"It sounds lovely, darling," Janet told him a shade wistfully. "There's nothing I'd like better. But I may *need* a job before I'm through—perhaps we won't be able to live on your salary. Have you any idea about what an inexperienced architect gets in the way of wages—*if he's lucky?*"

"Not the foggiest," Paul said blithely, "but I'll find out before the day is over. I'll begin to make the rounds as soon as I'm dressed."

He did—and he found out.

THE sixty-five dollars went farther than you could possibly imagine—taking into consideration the speed with which the "over a thousand" had evaporated. But even so it didn't go far enough. After Paul's initial day of looking for work they had made themselves a budget. For a week now they had been eating at fifty-cent table d'hôte places.

"My word," Paul said over a table set with spaghetti and crusty bread, "if we'd realized in the beginning that we could get along on three dollars a day—well, we wouldn't have had to think of jobs for six months at least!"

Janet said, "It was my fault entirely. I should have made you give me a financial statement with my wedding ring—but I didn't want to seem mercenary."

"You mercenary!" snorted Paul. "That's a joke." He had just tried to give her a twenty-five-cent bunch of violets. "You haven't a mercenary bone in your body."

"Neither have you. I wish you had a couple of them, Paul. . . . Did you see Mr. Graham today?" Mr. Graham did suburban houses—Dutch Colonial ones.

"Yeah, I saw him," said Paul.

"No dice?" asked Janet.

"No dice. Architects seem to be a drug on the market right now, dearest. Young couples live in one room nowadays instead of in a precious little bungalow. In other words, Mr. Graham could get along without me."

"*I* couldn't," said Janet, and after Paul had reached across the table to squeeze her hands she added, "I registered at the agency today—

*(Continued on page 24)*

# BIG SAVING *In Switch to New Kind of* SPARK PLUG

## "You Have What Every One of Us Has Been Looking For!"

Says G. C. McMAKIN, Lubbock, Texas
President, McMAKIN MOTOR COACHES

ODESSA
McMAKIN TRAILWAYS

### Motorists Everywhere Report Sensational New Type Spark Plugs Give Remarkable NEW PEP . . . POWER . . . AND GAS MILEAGE

G. C. McMakin, Lubbock, Texas, is an official of two of the largest bus companies of the Southwest—McMakin Motor Coaches and South Plains Motor Coaches.

When he tells you that a set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs installed in the motor of one of his buses that travels 664 miles every day, have gone 14,231 miles with minimum attention and *with no failures*, it should help you decide *which spark plug to buy!*

Until he switched to Auto-Lites, Mr. McMakin declares he was *installing new plugs every 2,000 miles!*

Auto-Lite *ignition* engineers *have* developed a *new kind* of spark plug that brings out the best in any motor.

Its new Konium electrode with "geometric" gap design produces a spark at reduced voltages—increases the firing certainty of the entire ignition system—*saves gasoline!*

Its new Ziramic insulator resists heat shock, electrical shock and mechanical abuse as no other insulator ever has! See the evidence in Mr. McMakin's letter.

---

**Dealers and Service Stations:** Millions of motorists are being told in dynamic advertising the benefits of this sensational new spark plug. Write The Electric Auto-Lite Co., Dept. L7, Toledo, Ohio, for details of the 1938 merchandising plan.

*Ask for* **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**

*Read this letter*

**McMakin Motor Coaches**
G. C. McMAKIN, PRESIDENT
**Lubbock, Texas**

Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Toledo, Ohio

May 6, 1938

Gentlemen,

April 2nd of this year we were persuaded to try a set of Auto-Lite spark plugs in a 16A, 28 passenger pug nose White Bus. We have been installing a new set of plugs every two thousand (2000) miles, due to plug failure. First one make and another. I was interested to see myself just what you folks had.

This bus is on a regular run, Odessa, Lubbock and Vernon, and makes 664 miles a round trip every day. Auto-Lites were installed at 111,000 miles and May 4th, we had 125,231 miles on the speedometer. Other than cleaning and re-setting the gaps twice, we have done nothing, and they are still going strong.

We have some fifty pieces of equipment in the Fleet, Chevrolets, Whites, Internationals and Yellows, and with this service record are immediately swinging to Auto-Lite 100%.

Certainly we wish to thank the party responsible for suggesting this new plug, for it has cut our plug cost to a minimum and has given us better performance than we have ever had before.

It is a pleasure to endorse Auto-Lite spark plugs to anyone, as I feel you have what every one of us has been looking for.

GCM/WSH

Very truly yours,

McMAKIN MOTOR COACHES.
By Gla McMakin
President

Skyrocket girl

*Her popularity soars—fades. She's a beauty but—her teeth can't stand an intimate view*

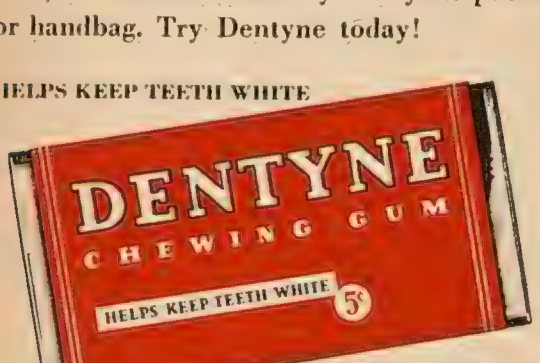
MOST MODERN TEETH NEED SPECIAL HELP

We don't exercise our teeth on tough, chewy foods as our ancient ancestors did. We moderns need Dentyne—the "chewier" gum — to provide that missing exercise. Chewing Dentyne helps keep your mouth cleaner, healthier — your teeth more lustrous and white!

FRAGRANT—FLAVORFUL—DELICIOUS!

Dentyne has a tempting, spicy aroma — a mellow, spicy taste — that flavor fans love! It's good after the first taste too — the flavor lingers happily on your tongue. Lasts and lasts! You'll welcome the smartly flat shape of the package, too (exclusive Dentyne feature) — it slides so handily into your pocket or handbag. Try Dentyne today!

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

(*Continued from page 22*) the one that got me the job with your mother. Did she give me a black eye! Fortunately, they took it with a grain of salt."

Paul muttered: "I suppose mother is fit to be tied. I got a letter from her this morning, Janet. It was a darned nice letter. The mater isn't as bad as she's painted."

Janet had been married three weeks now—and she wasn't as reticent in the matter of speaking her thoughts aloud. "Or as she paints herself," corrected Janet.

"What a little cat you turned out to be!" Paul said affectionately. "Mother asked if I wanted to come home—"

"*Home?*" questioned Janet.

"Yes—home. She meant the penthouse, of course."

Janet asked in a tight little voice, "Was she suggesting that you should leave—me?"

Paul's voice was righteously angry. "Certainly not! Your name wasn't even mentioned in the letter. . . . Of course I assume that my mother meant the both of us."

"Dollars to doughnuts she didn't mean both of us. Your mother wants you back, Paul—and she wants you alone." Her voice quavered, steadied itself. "Maybe you'd do better to go back while the going's good."

Paul looked up at the ceiling. "The girl's a little balmy," he told an ugly swaying chandelier.

IT was the irony of fate that Janet got a job quite easily. While Paul was drearily making the rounds of various architectural firms, Janet—still registered in the agency as Miss Carraway—was sent to an aggressively new office furnished, on the installment plan, in modern square-built desks and chairs. Her boss was an energetic young advertising man who had gone into business for himself—who had great ideas and no illusions and a small working capital. Janet found that her job was to be a multiple one — secretary, bookkeeper, office manager, and confidante extraordinary.

"You and I will have to run this show alone for a while," the young man explained when he hired her. "I'm glad you're pretty. Having to sit in an office all day long with a homely woman would get me down."

Janet felt a little pang of self-condemnation. Maybe, she thought ruefully, I should have taken this job under my married name— Her better judgment told her, however, that in a highly competitive world Miss Carraway would have a better chance than Mrs. Gillespie.

"I hope," she murmured aloud, "that I'll be satisfactory, Mr. Kent."

Alfred Kent—the young advertising man—laughed. "I hope I'll be satisfactory, too," he said. "I've got darned little business as yet, but I have hopes. Hopes and promises, I mean."

Janet laughed. "Promises are sometimes more important than hopes. I own quite a few assorted hopes myself, but they haven't lifted me very far off the ground."

"Any time they haven't!" scoffed her new boss. "You're the sort of a gal who wouldn't let her hopes wither on a vine." A sudden wave of light seemed to cross his rather pleasant brow.

"Don't let your hopes wither on a vine," he murmured. "That's a good catch line." He laughed into Janet's bewildered eyes. "I'm not mad, you know. I'm working on a campaign for a correspondence school. . . . Don't let your hopes wither on the vine, eh?" All at once his voice became businesslike. "Miss Carraway," he said, "will you take a letter? I want to get the idea down while it's still hot."

Janet started to take dictation. As the idea developed she began to realize that this young man had something — something that, given the breaks, might land him in the big time.

It was nearly noon when the dictation was finished. And then, because it was their first day, she and Alfred Kent went out to lunch. They did it quite naturally, and talked — over sandwiches and coffee—about slogans and appropriations and layouts. . . . Janet didn't realize that there was anything irregular about the arrangement until she told Paul that evening.

"Do you mean to say," Paul questioned severely, "that you had luncheon with him? Is that usually done?"

Janet told him, "No, it's not usually done—in fact, I don't approve of the secretary and the boss fraternizing. I'll probably never, never have lunch with Mr. Kent again. But this was an occasion."

"You say he's just opened the office?" queried Paul. "And you're the only person he's hired, to date? That means you and he are alone constantly. I don't like it, buttonface—really I don't. You and this young man—what's his name, Kent?—will be on frightfully intimate terms in a week."

"Fiddlesticks," objected Janet. "You wouldn't talk that way if you'd seen Alfred Kent, darling. He isn't interested in women—he's only interested in getting ahead and putting over a deal."

"Don't you believe it," Paul

growled. "That chap has already noticed that you have a dimple, unless he's blind. And if he doesn't know that you've got curly blonde hair he's a blithering idiot."

Janet started to object, and then all at once she was remembering what Alfred Kent had said. "I'm glad you're pretty," he had said. . . . *"I'm glad you're pretty."*

"I hope he fires you at the end of the week," Paul went on. "Does he know that you're only just married?"

"He won't fire me," said Janet—ignoring the "only just married." "Don't you worry, darling." And Paul muttered, "You seem pretty sure about it!"

It was the nearest the young Gillespies had come to a quarrel—in five weeks of married life.

JANET'S first salary check paid for groceries. It also paid her carfare and Paul's—who was still doggedly going from office to office, trying to interest preoccupied people in floor plans.

"I feel like a louse, taking small change from a woman," Paul said, and flushed as he said it. As if he were conscious of something unspoken between Janet and himself, he added defensively, "It was different, taking money from my mother."

"You bet it was different," Janet agreed loyally. "You earned every cent she ever paid you, my dear."

"I'll say I did," Paul agreed. His voice was suddenly bitter. "If it wasn't for mother I'd be self-supporting right now. And if I were self-supporting you wouldn't be going off every morning at nine, to spend the day with a strange man."

Janet dimpled, willy-nilly. The thought of Alfred Kent as a strange man was really funny—after a week in his employ. Alfred Kent was talkative. Janet knew everything about him, almost—and he knew nothing about her, in return. Fortunately, he took her status for granted—and asked no personal questions. Some men are like that. . . .

"Why are you looking that way?" Paul asked suddenly. "You look positively smug whenever young Kent's name is mentioned. Oh, Jannie darling, give up your job—do. We were so happy before you had a job."

"Happy but hungry," Janet told him. "If I give up my job, how will we eat?"

Paul said—with a stiffening of jaw line and lips: "I'll get some money. Don't you worry."

"Where," asked Janet, "will you get it?" And then a sudden thought struck her. "Paul, you wouldn't borrow money from your mother—*you wouldn't do that?*"

"I might, if I were pushed far enough." All at once he spoke hotly. "Why shouldn't I borrow money from mother? She'd probably be glad to lend it to me!"

Janet said: "Oh, she'd be glad to lend it to you, all right—for a consideration. She'd pay you handsomely

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
AT AMERICA'S LARGEST ANIMAL FARM NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN---THESE WILD ANIMALS ARE ACTUALLY IMPORTED DIRECT FROM JUNGLES, TO BE TRAINED HERE FOR CIRCUSES AND ZOOS
GRACIOUS, BUT THEY'RE FEROCIOUS!
GOLLY, THOSE CHIMPANZEES LOOK FUNNY. THEY REMIND ME OF THE ONES WE SAW AT THE CIRCUS---
DADDY--LET'S GO WATCH THOSE TAME ELEPHANTS OVER THERE
HEY---NO PEANUTS IN THAT POCKET!
LOOKS LIKE MISTER ELEPHANT IS GETTING TOO FRIENDLY!
SAY--DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THE WAY THIS BIG FELLOW POKES AROUND ---WHY HE ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH MY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN
YOU'RE RIGHT---AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'D MISS A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
WHAT P.A. SMOKER WOULDN'T, SEEING AS EACH TIN GIVES HIM AROUND FIFTY PIPEFULS OF SUCH DOWNRIGHT SMOKING PLEASURE!
IT'S NO WONDER P.A. IS CALLED THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
YES -NEARLY EVERYWHERE I GO ----I FIND THAT PRINCE ALBERT IS THE FAVORITE FOR MILDNESS AND GOOD RICH TASTE

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PIPE-JOY IN EVERY PIPELOAD!

PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS RIGHT—THAT MEANS A DRIER BOWL, A COOLER, TASTIER SMOKE—AND GOOD CAKING!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"MAKIN'S" SMOKERS! GET ON TO PRINCE ALBERT FOR FASTER ROLLED, NEATER "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES THAT SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER. AROUND 70 OF THEM TO A P.A. TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

**JUST AS WE SAY—OR NO PAY!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)*
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

—if you gave me a handsome wrought-iron gate!"

"You're always looking for trouble," Paul said. "You're always thinking that mother wants to separate us. Why, when she wrote to me the other day—"

"Oh, so your mother wrote to you the other day?" interrupted Janet. "What did she say this time?"

"Only that she hoped I was happy," Paul growled. "You're not fair to the mater, darling."

Janet reminded him: "Just a moment ago you said your mother had practically ruined your life. You said that, but for her, you would have been self-supporting."

"I don't know what I said a moment ago," Paul muttered. "Don't keep picking me up always."

ALFRED KENT captured the correspondence-school account, a good one. When he came back from signing the contract, he laid a square white box on the corner of Janet's desk. "Your dividend," he said.

When Janet opened the box she found orchids—four of them, lying in a nest of crinkled paper. "Oh!" she said in complete astonishment. "Oh, they're lovely."

He grinned happily. "Tell you what, Miss Carraway!" he said. "I'll buy you orchids each time I sign a contract. How's that?"

"Don't you dare!" Janet warned him. "You put every cent of extra money back into the business. We're an installment behind on our furniture already."

"Pay it," ordered her boss grandly. "Pay *everything.* And tonight, when the whistles blow and it's time for you to go home—wherever that is—you can pin your posies on your shoulder and I'll take you to dinner."

Janet said: "You're awfully nice, Mr. Kent, but I can't go to dinner with you. In the first place, I have another date—"

"Unbreakable?" asked Alfred Kent.

"Absolutely unbreakable," Janet replied. "And in the second place, I think it's—well, bad business for a man to see his secretary socially."

"The thing that intrigues me most about you, Miss Carraway," said Alfred Kent, "is your entirely Victorian attitude. Why shouldn't a man see his secretary socially? Lots of men even marry their secretaries—"

"Oh, I grant you that," said Janet; "but lots of men don't."

Alfred Kent chuckled. "There's no telling which type I may fall into—or which trap! But I do think every advertising executive should be married at least once. . . . I've never been married yet. Have you ever been married, Miss Carraway?"

Janet laughed. "Of course I've been married," she said. "Why not?"

Alfred Kent was suddenly serious as he regarded her. "If it weren't for that dimple of yours," he said, "I'd almost believe you. . . . Well, Miss Carraway, will you change your mind and come to dinner with me some night—when you haven't a date?"

"If that time ever comes," Janet agreed slowly, "I will."

She didn't feel guilty when she said it, but her conscience hurt her when—on the way home—she consigned the orchids to a corner trash basket. She couldn't afford to have Paul see them. . . .

Paul had given up his search of work via architectural firms—perhaps because he had exhausted them. He was reading want-ad columns now—reading them as feverishly as though they were casualty lists. Every morning while Janet got breakfast he sat making little checks against little items in the paper.

"Do you think," he'd say, "that I might qualify as a draftsman? . . . I wonder if I could sell bonds, Jan? Do you think I could?"

So it went every morning while Janet got breakfast. So it went every evening while she cleared away the supper dishes.

And yet Paul—despite his obvious depression and his change in environment—was a good sport about everything. He was uncomplaining and helpful and sweet. In fact, only when Janet unwittingly said something about her work would he fall from grace and relapse into a sulky silence.

One evening when she came in, he looked at her hand and frowned. When he spoke, his voice was a shade unsteady. "Janet dear, I've noticed something lately—something about you, I mean."

"What is it?" asked Janet as he hesitated.

Paul said, "You don't always wear your wedding ring. You wear it out of the house every morning, but lots of times, like tonight, I miss it. Don't you wear it when you're in the office, Jannie?"

Janet took the bull by the horns. "No, Paul, I don't. I type nearly all day—I wouldn't want to bang the stones—"

Paul said slowly, "I kissed it on. You weren't ever going to take it off unless you wanted it off—for good. . . . I don't think typing would hurt the stones any."

"Maybe not," agreed Janet; "but I'd rather not take a chance."

Paul changed the subject abruptly—or did he? "Have you told Kent very much about me?" he said. "Have you told him that—that we're very fond of each other? Things like that, I mean."

Janet said, almost truthfully: "My boss doesn't seem to be at all interested in my private life, Paul." And that was that.

IT was when they were celebrating their third anniversary—not year, month—that the totally unexpected came to pass.

"Our marriage is a quarter of a year old," Paul said; and when he produced a bottle of cheap wine and a box of roses, Janet didn't scold him. She realized just how many miles he had walked to save subway fare, and just how many lunches he'd gone without.

"It's a party," she said, with a gaiety that was a little tremulous. "We'll pretend we're just engaged and—"

Paul smiled. "We never really were engaged, were we, Janet? We never had any courtship."

"Being engaged to you," said Janet thoughtfully, "would have been fun!"

"It would have been fun *then,*" Paul said wistfully. "In those days I had money. I wasn't living on my wife."

"You were living on your mother," said Janet involuntarily—and wished she'd bitten out her tongue before speaking. "Oh, Paul," she cried in a stricken voice, "I wasn't thinking!"

Paul said, "I'm used to it." He didn't explain what he was used to. After a moment he asked, "What are we going to have for dinner?"

Janet blessed the lucky stars that had made her purchase a broiler on the way home instead of the usual hamburger steak. "Chicken," she said, "and broccoli and a salad. And, of course, your wine."

"Ah, yes," said Paul, "my wine."

"And roses on the table," said Janet. "Roses on the table are much more exciting than caviar."

"Do you mean it?" said Paul. "You're losing so much, Janet—so very, very much. You should be having all sorts of luxuries—"

Janet told him: "I'm losing something, my dear, that I never had—except for a couple of weeks. It was a nice honeymoon, wasn't it?"

Paul laughed suddenly. "Yes," he said; "the honeymoon has been worth the whole show, if you ask me. Maybe we'd better pretend honeymoon tonight, instead of courtship?"

"Agreed!" Janet told him. "And now I'll start to get supper ready."

But as, flushed and laughing, she was taking the chicken from the oven of her little stove, a knock sounded on the door. And when Paul opened the door, there stood Alfred Kent with an all too familiar square white box in his hand.

"I got the Merrivale job," he called out gayly, "and here are the orchids! Oh, I say, I hope I'm not intruding—"

*What will happen when Paul discovers that Janet has not told Kent of her marriage? Follow this swiftly paced story of young moderns in love. Read next week's Liberty and see how Mrs. Gillespie stacks the cards and takes a trick!*

# Was Dr. Wirt Right or Wrong?

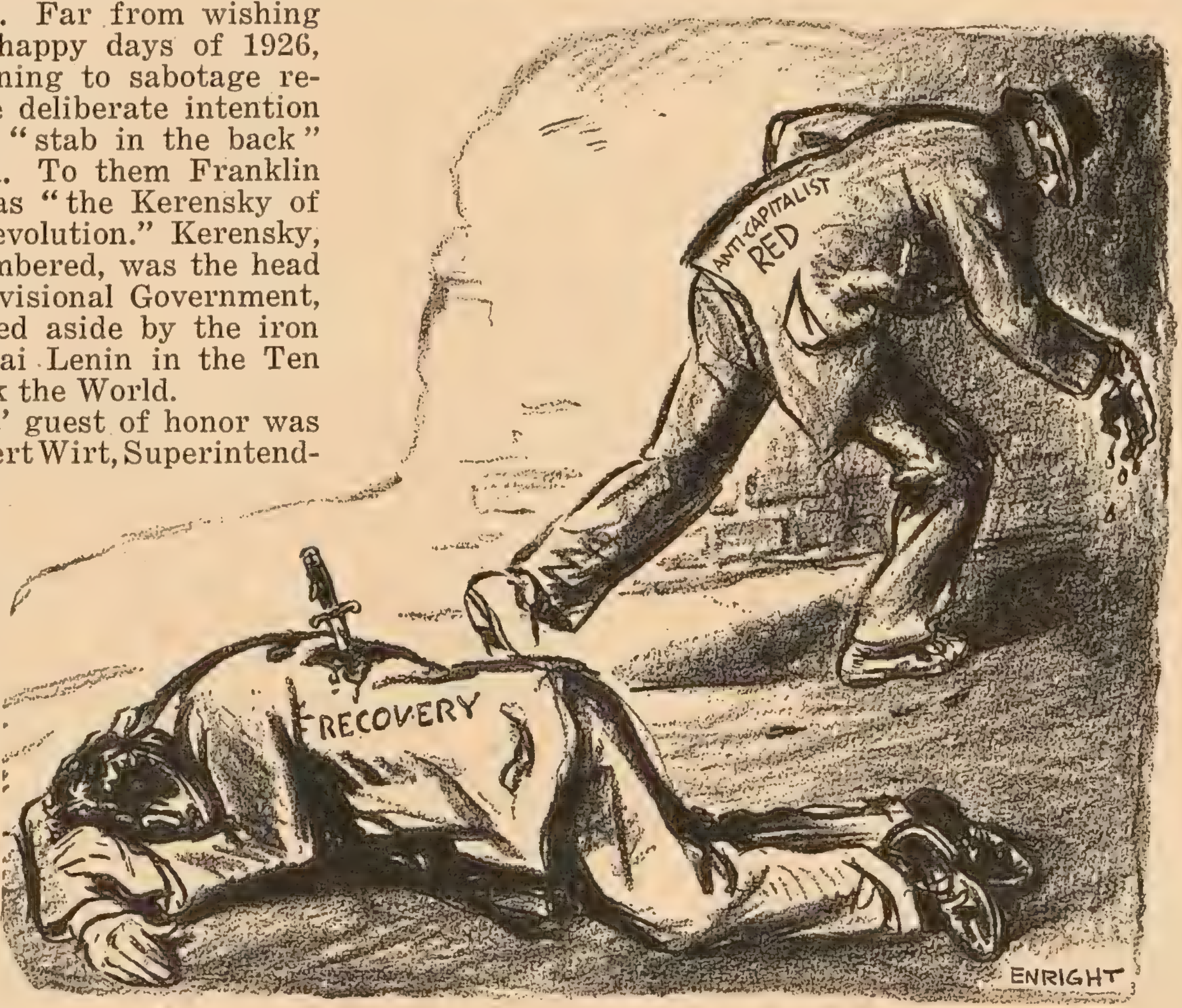
## New light on a sensational "Red plot"—and what has followed its "discovery"

### BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ON Friday evening, September 1, 1933, the year of the NRA and Dr. Tugwell, a distinguished educator attended a dinner given in his honor "somewhere in Virginia," near Washington, by his old friend Alice Barrows, an employee of the Department of the Interior. His fellow guests were radicals and New Dealers. Out of this dinner grew a Congressional investigation that rocked the country. The horrified schoolman left the festive board convinced that the Brain Trusters were using President Roosevelt as a pawn in their game to collectivize industry and agriculture. Far from wishing to restore the happy days of 1926, they were planning to sabotage recovery with the deliberate intention of blaming the "stab in the back" upon capitalism. To them Franklin D. Roosevelt was "the Kerensky of the American Revolution." Kerensky, it will be remembered, was the head of Russia's Provisional Government, who was brushed aside by the iron broom of Nikolai Lenin in the Ten Days that Shook the World.

Miss Barrows' guest of honor was Dr. William Albert Wirt, Superintendent of Schools in Gary, Indiana, and author of the celebrated Gary Plan. His recent death, at sixty-four, focuses the limelight once more upon the sensational testimony offered by him before a committee of Congress. Unable to keep the discovery of the "plot" by Pinks and Reds to himself, he set down his recollections in an astonishing memorandum for his friends. The complete memorandum, a copy of which lies before me, was never made available to the public. Most of the hundred copies distributed are now under lock and key in the safe-deposit vaults of the recipients. One of these, James Rand, Jr., then chairman of the Committee for the Nation, set off the fireworks by introducing the confidential memorandum of the elderly educator into a hearing before the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House. The same committee, under the chairmanship of Frank E. Gannett, recently again stirred up a hornets' nest in the Capitol.



They planned deliberately to blame the "stab in the back" on capitalism.

In the Congressional investigation that followed, poor Wirt was subjected to a merciless cross-examination. This grilling was a shock from which he never recovered.

Dr. Wirt's hostess on that fateful evening, a friend of twenty years, denied his allegations in toto. The other guests—Dr. Robert Bruere, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Hildegarde Kneeland, Dr. David Cushman Coyle, and Mr. Lawrence Todd, correspondent of a Soviet-controlled news agency—were no less emphatic.

The good doctor was depicted as a garrulous old fool. His fellow guests insisted that the educator had talked them almost to death; that in five hours of dreadful boredom only one person had succeeded in stopping his endless flow of words. Even that one had only been able to utter a single innocuous sentence. These witnesses pleaded ignorance of New Deal doctrines; they repudiated the radical sentiments attributed to them and stoutly maintained that Dr. Rex Tugwell, whose spirit rode up and down Wirt's testimony like a hobgoblin, had not even been mentioned! Dr. Wirt's fellow guests swore that he lied. Dr. Wirt swore that he told the truth. No one was arrested for perjury.

The majority report, rendered to Congress, branded Wirt's statements as "untrue." The minority, taking issue with the majority, sarcastically expressed its disbelief that, in five hours of conversation among seven people, one did nearly all the talking!

It is interesting, in the light of developments, to unearth the sentiments attributed by Dr. Wirt to his fellow guests. To what extent was his alarm justified? To what extent was he right or wrong?

The New Deal, Wirt felt, went back to the vexatious and obsolete laws of feudalism. It organized trade and industry into merchant guilds for the exclusively selfish benefit of their membership, to be limited by a licensed system. It organized labor into craft guilds of the Middle Ages, also for the exclusively selfish benefit of their membership to be limited by the closed-shop system. He then—I quote from the Wirt Memorandum—summarized his alleged conversation with the New Dealers at the historic dinner:

"I asked some of the individuals in this group what their concrete plan was for bringing on the proposed overthrow of the established American social order.

"I was told that they believed that by thwarting our then evident recovery they would be able to prolong the country's destitution until they had demonstrated to the American people that the government must operate industry and commerce. I was told that of course commercial banks could not make long-time capital loans, and that they would be able to destroy, by propaganda, the other institutions that had been making our capital loans. And, of course, when Uncle Sam becomes our financier he must also follow his money with control and management.

"The most surprising statement made to me was the following: 'We

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believe that we have Mr. Roosevelt in the middle of a swift stream and that the current is so strong that he cannot turn back or escape from it. We believe that we can keep Mr. Roosevelt there until we are ready to supplant him with a Stalin. We all think that Mr. Roosevelt is only the Kerensky of this revolution.'

"When I asked why the President would not see through this scheme, they replied: 'We are on the inside. We can control the avenues of influence. We can make the President believe that he is making decisions for himself.' They said: 'A leader must appear to be a strong man of action. He must make decisions, and many times make them quickly, whether good or bad. Soon he will feel a superhuman flow of power from the flow of the decisions themselves—good or bad. Eventually he can easily be displaced because of his bad decisions. With Mr. Roosevelt's background, we do not expect him to see this revolution through. Such individuals can be induced to kindle the fires of revolution. But strong men must take their place when the country is once engulfed in flames.'

I ASKED how they would explain to the American people why their plans for retarding the recovery were not restoring recovery. 'Oh,' they said, 'that would be easy.' All that they would need to do would be to point the finger of scorn at the traitorous opposition. These traitors in the imaginary war against the depression would be made the goats. And the American people would agree that they, the Brain Trusters, had been too lenient and in the future they, the Brain Trusters, should be more firm in dealing with the opposition. . . .

"I was frankly told that I underestimated the power of propaganda. That since the World War propaganda had been developed into a science. That they could make the newspapers and magazines beg for mercy by threatening to take away much of their advertising by a measure to compel only the unvarnished truth in advertising. That they could make the financiers be good by showing up at public investigations the crooks in the game. And that the power of public investigation in their own hands alone would make the cold chills run up and down the spines of the other business leaders and politicians—honest men as well as crooks.

"They were sure that they could depend upon the psychology of empty stomachs, and they would keep them empty. The masses would soon agree that anything should be done rather than nothing. Any escape from present miseries would be welcomed even though it should turn out to be another misery.

"I asked what they would do when the government could no longer dole out relief in the grand manner. By that time, it was answered, the oft-repeated exhortation to industry and commerce to make jobs out of confidence and to produce goods and pay wages out of psychology, together with their other propaganda, would have won the people to the idea that the only way out was for government to operate industry and commerce.

"They were certain that they did not want to operate agriculture for a long time. But the farmers could be won by doles to support government operation of industry and commerce. Farmers would be delighted to get their hands in the public trough for once in the history of the country. The farmers would be one with the masses —united for a redistribution of the wealth of the other fellow. All that they would need to do with the opposition would be to ask, 'Well, what's your plan?'"

THIS is the salient part of Dr. Wirt's testimony. If it was a pipe dream, it contained, nevertheless, certain elements of prophecy. It also contained certain elements of error. Many of the early Brain Trusters have disappeared. There is no evidence of a "plot," but the march of events took the direction it might have taken if the plot envisaged by Dr. Wirt had really existed. The Roosevelt Recovery was followed, unaccountably, by a Roosevelt Recession. We have today thirteen million unemployed, instead of the eleven million there were when Roosevelt first took the reins. The administration attempted to regiment business and encouraged the closed shop. It sought the support of the farmer by doles and subsidies, and it blamed the failures of its plans upon business. It competed with the banks and with the public utilities and threatens to go into other businesses. We have been regaled with a great deal of government propaganda. Business men have been intimidated and labor flattered; but neither labor nor business is completely subservient, and, in spite of the President's dissatisfaction with the newspapers, freedom of speech is still invulnerable.

Unlike Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini, Roosevelt has not outlawed his political opponents. If the Republicans have been ineffectual, their failure is due not to lack of opportunity but lack of leaders. Many patriotic citizens are alarmed by some developments foreshadowed by Dr. Wirt, even if they do not share his pessimism. America still stands in the middle of the road. Roosevelt is still Roosevelt and not Kerensky. It is true that John L. Lewis seems to have split with the administration, but there is no evidence as yet that the redheaded labor leader will play Lenin to Roosevelt's Kerensky. In spite of measures which seem revolutionary to us, in spite of the attempt to pack the Supreme Court and to centralize ever more power in the hands of the President, the American Revolution—if by revolution we mean a violent change—is still far in the distance. In spite of dire forebodings by Conservatives and croakings by Reds, America is still a democracy.

THE END

# To the Ladies

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

EVELYN CHANDLER took up fancy skating just for something to do while her husband, Bruce Mapes, was away on trips with his dance orchestra. But such was her aptitude on the ice that she became a professional skater. Then *her husband* had to take up exhibition skating so he could be in her act when *she* went away on trips. They skate together now at the International Casino in New York, where I talked with Evelyn recently.

"Summer," she said, "is our favorite skating season. Fancy skating is such hot work that in winter we feel the cold terribly as soon as we stop."

It's an expensive and arduous art to learn. Lessons cost ten dollars an hour, and you need at least two a week. Practicing costs about a dollar an hour, ten or twelve hours a week, for about five years.

In spite of this the field may soon be overcrowded with ambitious young skaters because of Sonja Henie's movie success.

At Lake Placid right now the youngsters are busily *patch skating.* They rent small patches of ice under which the patterns for fancy-skating figures have been painted on the floor. They learn to do the figures by following the patterns. . . . Don't start too young, Evelyn Chandler advises —not before thirteen or fourteen. Otherwise the hard work will wear you out. Commonest amateur faults, she says, are dragging your toes at the end of a figure . . . looking down at the ice instead of up at the audience . . . and wearing too solemn a face. . . . Put on your most sparkling smile when you put on your skates—and keep it on; keep smiling.

"One time *I* couldn't sparkle," she said, "was at an English rink when a skate of mine went through the thin ice, punctured a pipe, and spouted a geyser of ice water all over me."

Kirk Stiles

"I found the trouble, dear—the plug slipped out!"

☆ This true story reached me a little late, but I like it so much I'm going to tell it to you now. It happened in June. . . . The telephone rang at dawn. Out of a sound sleep, the lady roused herself and answered the phone. Instantly she was wide awake. The call came from her son at college, many miles away. He sounded troubled, despairing. "What's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Are you sick? Are you hurt?" Then she heard this: . . . "No, ma. I'm all right. But I'm taking my toughest exam a few hours from now. I've been grinding up for it all night. I just had to hear your voice before going over the top."

☆ Quite a few of the girls collect stamps nowadays—Lily Pons for one. If you're thinking of starting an album, a suitable set to begin with would be the Woman Suffrage stamps issued a while ago by Turkey. Eight of them show portraits of famous ladies—Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt, Mme. Curie, Grazia Deledda, Selma Lagerlöf, Bertha von Suttner, Sigrid Undset. Highest denomination is the Mme. Curie stamp at fifty *kurus.* Lowest is the Carrie Chapman Catt, ten *kurus.* It may gratify you to know that all these Turkish stamps with women's pictures on them have always sold at double their *face* value from the very first day they came out.

☆ In the summertime, when we all visit around like gypsies, it is polite to provide for infant guests. A baby visitor can be miserable, and make every one else miserable, if not cared for considerately. . . . A laundry basket with light cotton blankets makes a perfectly good crib. Have a rubber sheet ready and a little chair, two or three bottles and rubber nipples, plenty of safety pins, talcum powder, and absorbent cotton. And some unbreakable toys.

☆ Don't fool yourself by believing we women of the Western world are the only ones who try to compete with our menfolk. . . . Off on another journey to strange mountain cities of Tibet, Harrison Forman, the travel lecturer, paused at Formosa to send me a photograph of a local bride with a big black mustache—tattooed on her upper lip. . . . "These tattooed mustaches," writes Harrison, "are all the rage here among the rather wild young matrons of the head-hunting set."

☆ We spend so much for clothes that we cannot know *too* much about the style business. This year we've had several sound books on the subject, and here's another: How the Fashion World Works, edited by Margaretta Stevenson. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

☆ This summer meat pie has more fresh vegetables in it than a winter pie, is less heavy but just as satisfying. The hostess who gave me the recipe told me she had adapted it from a Chinese dish. She used to live in Canton. . . . Cut 2½ pounds good lean beef in inch-square pieces. Into the beef rub 3 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon paprika, then fry lightly in butter with half a small onion, sliced, and 1 chopped green pepper. Turn into heavy pan with 4 cups water and simmer very slowly for 1 hour, adding water if needed. Now put in 4 scallions cut in short lengths and parboiled; also 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 1 cup parboiled potato balls, a little minced parsley, salt and pepper, and 1 tablespoon Chinese soy sauce. Transfer to buttered baking dish; cover with pie pastry half an inch thick; make two slits in the crust, and bake about 30 minutes in quick oven.

# WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE?

### BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

Romance, love, engagement, marriage—and then what, Heaven or Hell? Is there a formula for happiness after marriage? Can you go to the altar with reasonable assurance of a long and happy married life?

Recently the Committee of Research on Problems of Sex analyzed the personal characteristics of 300 couples, 100 happily married, 100 unhappily married and 100 divorced, to determine the reasons for happy and for unhappy marriage. Their findings are the nearest thing to a formula for happy marriage that has been found. Albert Edward Wiggam, famous investigator and author, tells the whole amazing and informative story in Physical Culture for August. If you expect to marry, read it. If you are happily married, read it and learn how to stay that way. If you are unhappily married, read it and learn how to get that way. A real contribution to science, this masterly article can be of infinite value to you. By all means do not miss it.

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*By Cynthia Nairne*

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THE YEARS THAT TERRIFY EVERY WOMAN

All of these features together with photographs of Beautiful Girls — Beautiful Babies, and many other helpful articles and special departments appear in Physical Culture for August. This is the only magazine devoted exclusively to the solution of personal problems. Countless thousands read it for the help it gives them. Join this great throng today. Get your copy at the nearest newsstand.

# SHOWBOAT GIRL

## BY ROBERT E. PINKERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC A. ANDERSON

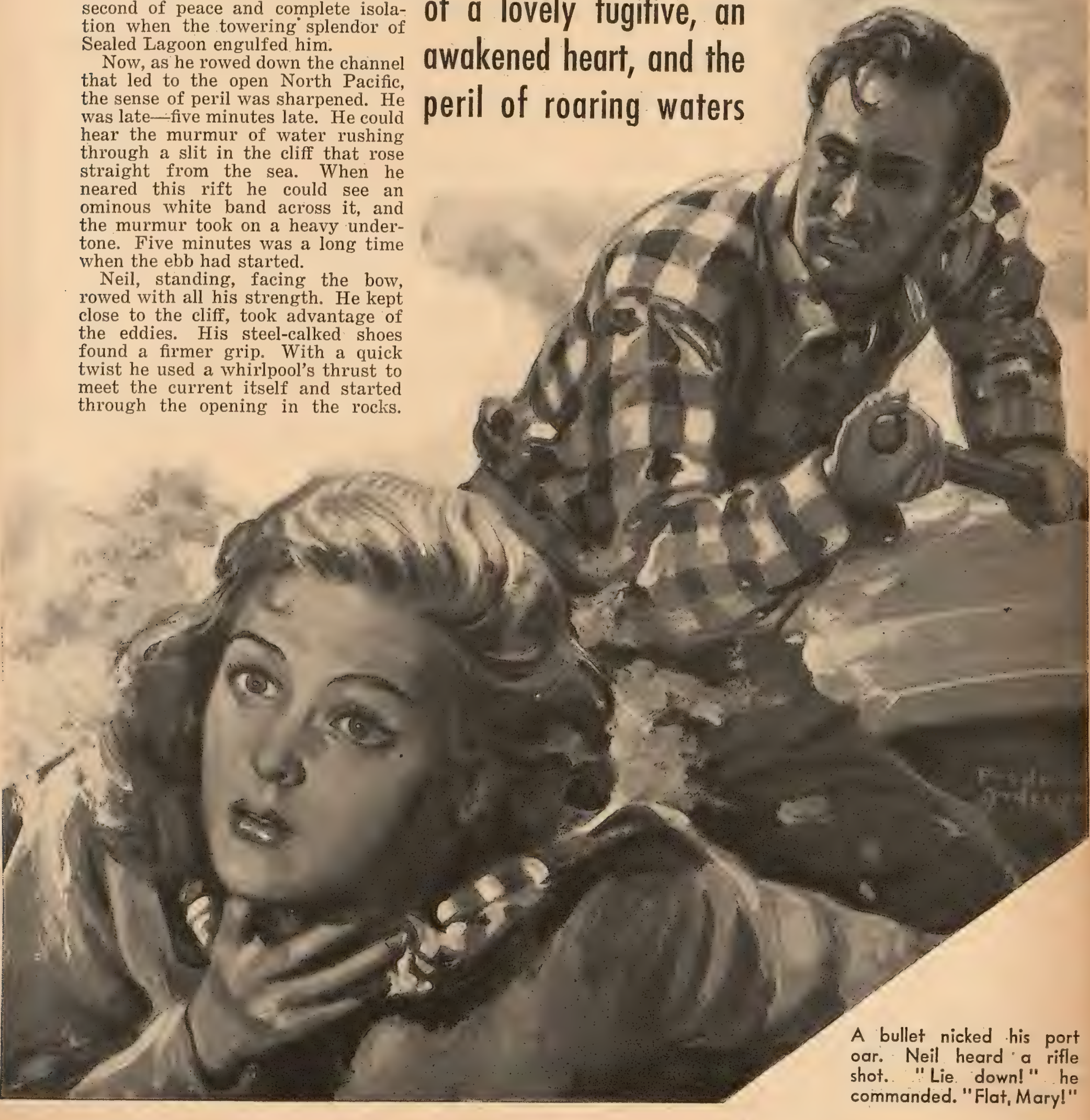
READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

**Tense, gripping, colorful! The unforgettable story of a lovely fugitive, an awakened heart, and the peril of roaring waters**

THE return home always carried a double thrill for Neil Burnet. The first was of real danger as he ran or fought the tidal rapids; the second of peace and complete isolation when the towering splendor of Sealed Lagoon engulfed him.

Now, as he rowed down the channel that led to the open North Pacific, the sense of peril was sharpened. He was late—five minutes late. He could hear the murmur of water rushing through a slit in the cliff that rose straight from the sea. When he neared this rift he could see an ominous white band across it, and the murmur took on a heavy undertone. Five minutes was a long time when the ebb had started.

Neil, standing, facing the bow, rowed with all his strength. He kept close to the cliff, took advantage of the eddies. His steel-calked shoes found a firmer grip. With a quick twist he used a whirlpool's thrust to meet the current itself and started through the opening in the rocks.



A bullet nicked his port oar. Neil heard a rifle shot. "Lie down!" he commanded. "Flat, Mary!"

The canyon narrowed to thirty feet, bent to the left. Water snarled along the walls. In the center it ran with a smooth steady power that Neil knew to be only a whisper of the mad tumbling torrent that was gathering force in the lagoon.

His heavy boat gained with each stroke. For a time it leaped a foot to a thrust; later, only half that. Neil lashed every muscle and nerve and thought to its task. At the turn he caught an eddy, gained a few yards, began the last ascent. Trickery could not help him now. Strength alone would win through against the broad rush of the stream.

Neil speeded up his stroke, crowded on the power. With each moment the ebb was gathering speed. One slip of an oar and he would fail.

Gasping, legs trembling, he finally saw the bow creep across a distinct line on the water, felt a big whirlpool grip his craft. Behind him an angry snarl told that he had won by seconds.

As always, peace and quiet came with startling suddenness, and he looked up to lofty peaks rising on every side. The forest climbed smoothly for more than half a mile. Then bare granite took up the ascent with huge jagged steps until snow overlaid them.

Neil still rowed in the sea, but he was in a well, a green-walled well with green water at the bottom, a well rimmed by white peaks and filled with a soft intense hush that had pressure, like air. Neil Burnet had lived in the depths of that grandeur for two years, yet he paused and looked up, entranced.

Behind him the tidal torrent was mounting to intense fury. Four times each day it died to a ripple, but only to reverse itself. Ten minutes, fifteen, and the entrance was barred again. Neil could not get out. No one could get in. Now he rowed to his cabin. Afloat on a raft of cedar logs, it lay snuggled beneath a mountain around a point to the left. He did not look back. He need not. His gate was locked.

NOT until he had cooked supper, eaten, and washed the dishes did Neil permit himself the joy of inspecting the magazines and books that had come with his mail. But as he cut the strings of the bundles his body stiffened in astonishment. A boat had bumped against his float. Oarlocks rattled. And no boat could enter his retreat.

Neil jumped to the door and almost collided with a girl. That in itself was startling enough, but a strange conviction broke through his bewilderment. He sensed at once that something about her was bogus.

That feeling was confirmed when the girl spoke. "Hello," she said with obvious, even mechanical, coyness. "I saw you come."

"Where were you?" demanded Neil, still amazed that any one, least of all a girl, should be in Sealed Lagoon.

"On the Thespis," she said. "The engine broke, so we came in this noon."

"Oh! This Thespis is an airplane, I suppose."

"It's a showboat. You live here all alone?"

Neil ignored the question. "I suppose you just happened to hit dead slack. God sure watches out for some folks, only—"

"What you so cross about?" she asked, and again he caught the crude coquetry. "If I lived alone in a place like this I'd be glad to see somebody."

She turned as if to inspect his cabin, but Neil saw the planned whirl of skirt. Even that was poorly executed. Puzzled, he bent over his packages.

"You're a funny one," she said—"reading when you have a visitor."

It was make-believe, obviously so, but so listlessly done. Her hair had life and red and gold glints in the brown, and it framed her face remarkably. But the face! Rouge had been daubed on a glowing skin. The patch on one cheek was higher than that on the other. Her lipstick disregarded curves with grotesque result.

The girl returned his inspection with a glance of stagy coyness. It was a pitiful attempt and faded quickly as it drew a colder stare from Neil.

"Do you have to look like this?" he found himself demanding. "If you'd wash your face!"

Tears came at his words. He caught a glimpse of anguish and of bitter hopelessness before her hands covered her eyes.

"I'm sorry!" Neil exclaimed. "I didn't mean— I was so surprised to find any one here."

She stumbled to the door. "It doesn't matter," she said in a dead voice. "I didn't want to come. I didn't want to daub this stuff on. Dane made me. He says it gets the hicks."

Neil did not resent the last. He felt too guilty of having caused such misery.

"What were you supposed to do here?" he asked.

"Ask you to fix our engine."

"Who's Dane?"

"Gregory Dane," she said. "He owns the show and he's leading man and my guardian."

"And makes you do bum painting. Want some hot water?"

She smiled, and Neil beheld another person. He saw only her eyes, and found them eager and innocent.

"I don't know what Dane would do," she said. "And I'd need cold cream."

Neil smiled. "Lard is the nearest I have to that. But what could this Dane do?"

"Anything, if he's drunk. And he always is."

"Why do you stand for it?"

SHE shrugged, and there was no sham in the gesture, only black despair. Neil, confused, provided a towel and stepped outside. He looked at the dinghy in which she had come. It was short and tubby. He thought how the current in the entrance would spin it like a tub.

"Hello," the girl called from the door.

Neil stared. Something leaped within him.

"That's more like!" he exclaimed. "I don't mind a girl touching up a bit, but when it's put on with a trowel—" He touched her cheek with the back of his fingers. "Peach skin!" he laughed. "And plenty of color all its own. What about this showboat?"

"I don't want to talk about it!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I hate it! Tell me what you do here. I didn't know a place could be so beautiful. Or so peaceful."

"It got you, did it?"

"Why not?" she demanded. "A dirty, noisy boat, cheap hotels on rotten streets, every one you see rotten and dirty and noisy—"

Neil did not speak. There was too much passionate revolt in that, too much tragedy.

"I didn't know there were places like this," the girl went on after a moment. "How long have you lived here? And what can you do in a place like this?"

"Two years," Neil said. "And I'm a hand logger."

"What is that?"

"Just what it says. The trees on this British Columbia coast are so big the lumber companies use machinery. But close to the salt chuck, with a steep slope, some of us log by hand."

"And you come home and have supper and sit out here and read! Or just look up at those mountains. Now I know why you were cross when you saw me."

"I was just surprised," Neil insisted. "No one has been inside Sealed Lagoon since I came. The entrance keeps people out."

"And you never get lonesome?" she asked eagerly.

"I wouldn't be human if I didn't. But the way I figure it, being lonesome occasionally isn't much to pay for—"

He swept a hand up and around to include the peaks, the steeply forested slopes, and the utter and unbelievable stillness and beauty at the bottom of his mile-deep well.

The girl was listening raptly. Neil marveled that she could be the same person he had found at his door.

"I lived in the desert once," she said. "This is the same."

Shadows had begun to climb the slopes before her arrival and now black darkness climbed after them. Only if the two strained their awareness did they hear the roar of water in the entrance. The current was at strength now, a more formidable barrier than man could erect with steel. Neither Neil nor the girl spoke of the Thespis or the people in her. They felt alone under the few stars the peaks permitted.

And they talked. Neil, after long months of silence, found much to say of his work, of Sealed Lagoon, of a solitude peopled with beauty and pervaded by an exquisite sense of peace.

But he was to learn his loneliness was a contrived and artificial thing when the girl spoke. For she had been completely alone in spirit, set apart without beauty, shut off without hope. She expressed it badly. Yet nothing could have communicated sordid tragedy more clearly than her halting, stumbling words.

After a long silence Neil asked, "What is your name?"

"Mary," she said. "Mary Heath before I knew Dane. He changed it to Mary Darling."

And after another long silence Neil arose.

"This Dane," he muttered. "If he gets nasty—"

He drew the bow of the dinghy on to the stern of his rowboat, placed the girl before him, and rowed around the point. The water was black and the lower walls of Sealed Lagoon were hidden in dense shadows. But the moon touched the peaks. Mary Heath gasped, though she did not speak. Dimly Neil could see her face turned upward.

THE Thespis was moored to several boom sticks Neil had placed in a cove beyond the entrance to hold his logs until he ran them outside. He could see lighted portholes. When he came close he heard footsteps on deck.

A man's voice sounded, harsh and ugly, reviling Mary. Suddenly the hand logger found himself answering.

"Close that dirty mouth or I'll sew it shut with a shoeful of steel calks!" he commanded.

Silence followed. Two heads popped out of cabin windows aft. Neil saw a figure at the rail as he swung alongside.

"My dear sir!" came a smooth, measured voice. "I abase myself. It never entered my mind that a stranger approached."

"Don't apologize to me!" Neil retorted. "You can tell Mary you're sorry."

"But she knows I am desolated. She understands I was only worried because she was gone so long. My dear, may I help you aboard? And you, sir! We should all be friends in this wilderness. And, frankly, I need your help. Something serious is the matter with our engine. I sent Mary to ask your aid."

Mary was aboard the Thespis now. Neil, unfastening her dinghy, heard a snarling whisper and caught terror in the girl's answer.

"I'll look at it," Neil said shortly.

Some one switched on a deck light aft. Steps sounded in the companion. Neil swung aboard to find three men and a woman with Mary. She introduced him.

"And I am Gregory Dane," the suave voice said.

Neil saw a short man who had once been handsome. Deep lines in his face seemed still to carry grease paint. Behind his controlled smile were two glittering, ravenous eyes.

"My troupe!" Dane continued with a flourish. "Miss Kate Ogden, direct from Broadway. Mr. Jeremy Forsythe, with the acclaim of a nation ringing in his ears. And Mr. Teddy Malone, who has made millions laugh. Mary Darling, our ravishing, adorable, and incomparable leading woman, you have had the pleasure of knowing."

Kate Ogden, short, plump, past middle age, haggard, bleached, did not acknowledge the introduction. But keen eyes, astonishingly intelligent in a face so repellent, watched Neil sharply. Forsythe bowed elaborately, lost his balance and sat down on the deck. Malone, squat, evil-looking, said, "Nuts!" and went below.

Neil Burnet stared with a feeling of horror.

"Now the villain in the cast," Gregory was saying, and he led the way below.

The engine room was filthy and in disorder.

"I think something inside is broken," Dane said. "It starts, a noise, and it stops. Watch!"

"Don't start it!" Neil exclaimed. "Enough gas in here to blow you out of the lagoon."

He examined the motor. Gasoline dripped from the carburetor. He removed a side plate, turned the flywheel.

..but what about Tomorrow ?

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"Got any spare valves?" he asked after ten minutes.

"No."

"You won't run until you do. Stem of the exhaust valve in the after cylinder is broken. The boat for Vancouver comes in two days. You can row to Deserted Cove tomorrow and get off an order. Week later it'll be back."

"But we're booked! The show must go on!"

Neil shrugged, wiped grease from his hands, and went on deck. Dane, no longer amiable, followed. Mary Heath and Kate Ogden were waiting.

"It's a valve, not language, that'll get you out of here," Neil cut in on the actor's vile outburst.

"Will you go for us?" Dane asked.

"I'm busy. You've got nothing else to do. It's only twelve miles. The tide'll let you out at six fifty-two in the morning and you can get back in at seven forty-eight at night. See that your watch is right and don't fool with that roaring hole at any other time."

"But twenty-four miles!" Dane objected. "My heart won't stand—"

"Three men aboard," Neil cut in. "Take turns rowing. You can hire a gas boat to bring you back."

He got into his boat. He thanked Mary for coming to see him, asked her to come again, and rowed away.

THE next morning he was up early and off to work. He had already started to fall a big cedar around a bend in the lagoon and soon after six o'clock he was three hundred feet above the water and whipping a long saw across the trunk.

It was a delicate and colossal task, a matter of fine precision and skill, of exact strokes with an ax.

Neil had worked a day in preparation. He knew exactly how he could start the tree falling a little to the left, to clear a stiff dead stub, and then swing it back to miss a larger tree below. The cedar was eight feet in diameter at the base and two hundred feet high.

At eight o'clock he paused to check his calculations, and it was then that he heard Mary Heath call from the water. He hurried down to find her pulling her dinghy ashore.

"You shouldn't have come here!" he exclaimed harshly, for all he could think of was that he might have sent a tree crashing down upon her.

"Please don't be cross," she pleaded. "I had to come."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was scared. But what do you mean, had to come?"

"Dane sent me. He told me last night. He wasn't up this morning. None of them were. They were all drunk."

Her tone did not express fear, only dumb acceptance of fate.

"What does Dane want?" Neil asked.

She stared across the lagoon.

"Dane told me to get you to go for that valve. He said he didn't care how. Only that I must—somehow."

Neil did not speak. Tragedy such as this had never come near him.

Mary continued to stare—waiting. Suddenly Neil believed he would do anything, the impossible itself, to drive that hopeless, desolate look from her face.

"Mary, I am not going after that valve for Dane," he said. "Tell him that. Or I'll go with you and tell him. But not until tonight. Now—you're coming with me and watch me work. I brought lunch. We'll have a picnic."

Gratitude rather than joy lighted her eyes.

"I knew you were good," she said, "when I saw you last night. I wasn't afraid. Only sometime Dane will—"

"We're not mentioning Dane today," Neil cut in. "Come."

It was a stiff climb up the mountain and Mary was breathless when they reached the big cedar. Neil resumed work. From where she sat she could see the lagoon and the mountains, and he knew what they would do for her.

Lunch was spread on the broad pungent top of a stump.

"Mother and father and I had picnics on the desert," Mary said. "I have never had one since."

That afternoon Neil ran the big cedar. It trembled on its base, swayed out, swung to the left, as he had planned. A clip of his ax across straining fibers released a pull and it swung back, leaped far out, went crashing down with awesome thunder.

The top broke off when it struck. The long, thick trunk bounded into the air, seemed poised, then shot on down the green slope and disappeared. Above the thick dust it had raised between the wildly swaying trunks of smaller trees, Neil saw spray shoot high and knew he had planned and executed correctly. He had run his tree, had made a saw log.

They towed it to the boom together, Mary Heath sitting in the bow, Neil standing, pushing endlessly on the oars. Mary was possessed by a deep content, almost by an ecstasy of peace and serenity. Neil, watching, felt that it glowed through the soft skin of her face like a hidden light, that it glinted in her hair. He was sure it shone in her eyes. Mary, he knew now, was very, very lovely.

At last they crawled around a point. Across the lagoon the Thespis lay like a dirty blotch. Dane's angry voice came through the stillness. The glow faded from Mary Heath's face, the peace and content from her eyes.

"Mary, you can't stay with that filthy gang!" Neil whispered fiercely. "You belong here. I'm going to keep you."

Hope and joy flooded back. "It's all I want—ever—to stay. But Dane—you don't know him."

"I'll handle Dane!" Neil exclaimed harshly.

When they reached the boom, Neil opened it, shoved the huge log inside, closed it again, rowed Mary to the Thespis. Gregory Dane was on deck.

"And you will go for the valve," he said confidently. There was a smirk on his face.

Neil waited a moment before he spoke.

"That log I just towed in was standing on the mountain this noon," he said. "I brought it here with only these two hands. If you touch Mary, if you say anything to her, I'll go to work on you. The log is worth one hundred and fifty dollars. You won't be worth anything when I'm through with you."

"What do you mean?" Dane snarled.

"You heard me. You can't move your boat until you go for that valve yourself. You can't get out of this lagoon except when the tide lets you. You can't get away from me. So step careful, feller. Mary, I'll come for you at six tomorrow morning."

Neil rowed home, cooked supper, and washed the dishes, and he was scarcely aware of anything he did. Then he heard oars and rushed out, his face aglow to meet Mary, and found Kate Ogden rowing up to his float.

"GOT any newspapers, dearie?" she asked huskily as she stepped out and made the dinghy fast.

"No," Neil said shortly.

"Didn't want 'em anyhow. What do you think of Mary?"

Neil was disappointed and angry and he told what he thought not of Mary but of Gregory Dane and the others, including Kate Ogden herself. The woman's garish face broke into a wide grin and her eyes, so inexplicably fine and intelligent, lighted warmly.

"Great!" she applauded. "Figured you felt that way about her. What's your next move?"

"I'm going to take her to Vancouver and marry her."

"You boys in the sticks sure know what you want and go after it. I felt you'd come if I prayed enough."

"You what?" Neil demanded incredulously.

"Listen, dearie! I'm everything you see when you look at me, and perhaps a bit more. But I still know a rose, even if it's growing in a garbage dump." She looked up at the snow peaks. "I'd go nuts here," she said. "Mary'd eat it up. She tell you about herself?"

Neil shook his head.

"She's from real people. Not high-hat but gentle and with all the right ideas about things. The father was sickly and they went to Arizona. Both died there. Mary was ten. Somehow Dane got her. You don't know much about humans, do you?

"Maybe you can tell the good from the bad, but you ain't lived long enough to know what makes 'em that way. And seeing Mary with us, I was afraid you'd get wrong ideas. But it's only the first years that count. After a kid is six or eight, nobody can ever touch 'em again. They might get twisted, held down by life, but the core of 'em's there. Put there by the parents. Why, Mary's clean as a new pin. Even Dane couldn't change her. But I guess you saw that."

She stopped speaking. She seemed unaware of Neil as she looked at the steep green slopes.

"Can you walk out of this place?" she asked suddenly.

"Nowhere to go if you did," Neil said.

"And that entrance? It always act up?"

"Four times a day the tide stops running one way and starts the other. You've got to be there on the dot to get out. And this Sealed Lagoon roaring hole is something to stay away from if your watch is wrong."

"Now, ain't that strange!" Kate Ogden exclaimed. "Like a time lock on a bank vault. I knew a cashier—I didn't look like this always—who got caught inside one. He nearly died. I'll bet Dane's got it all figured out, too."

"What figured out?" Neil asked.

"This time-lock business. Anything to hang on to Mary. She can't act. Never wanted to. But Dane thinks he can make something of her—and get the money. That and a couple o' thousand a bank's holding till she's twenty-one. Sometimes I'm not sure myself what Dane wants of her, and I know all the angles in show business. I'm only sure it's mean, and she'll suffer. How we going to work it?"

"Work what?"

"Getting Mary away from him."

SUDDENLY she looked up appraisingly. "Seeing you has put spunk in the kid. She talked back to Dane tonight. Said she was going to stay in this hole. So I told Dane I'd get you to go for the valve. He's broke and he's desperate and he's mean. When's this time lock open again?"

"Between twelve and one."

"No chance. When's the next?"

"Around seven forty-five."

"And the boat leaves Deserted Cove tomorrow. Trouble is, you stirred Dane up this evening. He's been ranting about you, and there's what Mary told him. He's got a rifle. Drunks have a queer sort of nerve. Especially if they're crazy mean."

Neil began to talk now. He wanted to take Mary from the Thespis by force. He wanted to smash the madness out of Dane with his fists. He wanted to go to the Thespis at once.

Kate Ogden raised her voice for the first time. "Think I'm going to let you get bumped off?" she demanded harshly. "I've been waiting too long for you, kid. You keep out of sight. Dane is drunk now. Maybe I can feed him some extra Scotch. If he goes to sleep, Mary will come here. Then, when that tide lets you, get her out."

Kate Ogden stepped into the dinghy and looked up at Neil. It was as if her ghastly hair and corroded features no longer existed. He saw only her eyes.

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"If that doesn't work, I'll hit him over the head with a monkey wrench," she said in a strange low tone.

"You're a damned fine woman!" Neil blurted.

"Like hell! And you be good to the kid."

NEIL did not sleep that night. Sometimes he lay down, but always he was listening for the sound of oars.

The early sun touched the snow peaks while black darkness still filled the well of Sealed Lagoon. As soon as the light had crept down, Neil stole out to the point in his boat and looked at the Thespis. A dinghy lay alongside. Another was on deck. No one appeared.

After he had eaten breakfast, Neil verified for the tenth time the period of slack water in the entrance. It would come at seven forty-three, with a nineteen-point-eight-foot tide at Prince Rupert. Not a big spring tide but enough to cause a swift pick-up and a frenzied torrent soon after the turn.

And it was now seven thirty. Neil abandoned all hope of leaving on the morning slack. The ebb would start too swiftly. But when he rowed back to the point and looked past the rocks at the Thespis, he saw Mary and Kate Ogden getting into the dinghy.

They moved slowly so as not to make a noise. They did not ship the oars, but Mary used one as a paddle. And they crept along the shore instead of coming straight across.

Neil estimated their speed and knew they would never reach him in time. Not until two o'clock could they get out, once the gate was closed. Meanwhile Dane would waken and find Mary gone.

Desperate, Neil started across the lagoon to intercept them. If they hurried to meet him he might risk an attempt. Then he saw a movement on the Thespis. Dane was setting the second dinghy overside.

Neil shouted, waved, and then drove his heavy boat as he never had before. Mary shipped her oars and came to meet him. Dane was soon afloat and rowing madly.

The tide had turned. Already a bit of white water was showing. And he would have three hundred yards to row after he picked up Mary.

"Way enough!" he yelled to her. "Be ready to jump!"

He swung his own boat alongside with a mighty heave and thrust. Mary scrambled over the gunwales. Kate Ogden sat still.

"Come on!" Neil shouted. "We're late now!"

"Get going, kids," Kate said.

Neil swung away and started toward the entrance. Gregory Dane was a hundred yards away, splashing inexpertly but driving the light dinghy. Neil, standing, thrust with every muscle in his body, and after the second stroke he knew he could gain. There was only the question of getting through before the tide became so swift that his boat would be crushed against the canyon walls.

He watched the entrance as he rowed. Often he had lain on the cliffs above the torrent and studied the course of the water, the whirls and boils and backlashing waves. He knew how quickly the ebb gathered power, how it developed twice the destructive force of the flood. And he knew he and Mary were going to have a ride.

Indecision came. He had no right to risk her life. Then a bullet nicked his port oar. Neil heard a rifle shot. The matter was out of his hands.

"Lie down!" he commanded. "Flat, Mary! So you'll be under the water." His stroke was racing now. Two more shots came.

"He'll kill you, standing there!" Mary cried.

Neil could not spare breath to answer. They were close to the entrance now. The drag of the current caught the boat. Another shot sounded, but Neil did not look back. The tide was tearing itself to shreds, climbing the rock walls, leaping high, lashing back. There was no turning now.

Mary lifted her head in alarm when it seemed that a mighty hand had shaken the boat.

"Down!" Neil shouted. "Don't move!"

HE dug in his steel calks, crouched. He pushed on one oar, tugged back on the other, tried to guide the lunging, careening craft, and only learned how helpless he was.

Water slopped in. The boat scraped a rock wall. A gunwale was dragged down until the current poured over it. Neil believed that was the end, but he had no time to consider the fact. Suddenly they were spewed out into the sunlight of the channel. A whirlpool sucked at them. A boil flung them to one side. And then they were shot across the smooth looping swirls and into quiet water.

"Get up," Neil said. "You're soaked. We'll go ashore, build a fire, and dry you out."

Mary shivered. "I was sure we'd drown."

"Another five seconds and we would have," Neil laughed. "Now the gate's locked. Nothing can—"

The horror in Mary's face stopped him. Her stare spun him about. The entrance was not a rapids now but a falls, a mass of savage water. And tossing in it was a white dinghy.

It was hurled out into the channel, rolling, turning. Finally it floated, bottom up. Neil rowed back among the whirls, searching. He searched for five minutes, and found only the dinghy's oars.

Mary's face was white as she watched him. But she did not speak of what he sought. She never spoke of it, even when they returned to Sealed Lagoon two weeks later and found it empty and lovely as Neil had always known it.

"It's nice to be shut in," she said when the tide had closed the gate behind them.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

# Miss Dale's Husband

## BY WILLIAM de MILLE

TWENTY minutes after he left the airport Frank Carter, using his latchkey, quietly entered Judith Dale's house in Hollywood. It was quite proper, because Judith was his wife and he wanted to surprise her. Her recent letters had been so full of loneliness for him that a sudden impulse had made him leave his business, hop a plane, and fly three thousand miles just for a week-end visit.

He didn't like Hollywood—too many wild people. Why did she think it necessary for her career to make this picture, when they could have spent the summer quietly at their little home in Connecticut?

A maid was fixing flowers in the living room. Her eyes widened as she caught sight of him. "Why, Mr. Carter!" she gasped. "Miss Dale didn't tell me you were coming."

"She didn't know," he said dryly. It always annoyed him to hear his wife called "Miss Dale" at home. "Where is Mrs. Carter?" he added.

"At the studio, sir," the maid said. "She may not be home to dinner. They've been working nights this past week."

So, one of his two evenings with her was probably gone. And he'd come three thousand miles. Career. Rats!

He took his bag to the bedroom, where her private phone stood between twin beds. He regarded it sourly—the studio could come between them even here. Then he decided to call her up. If she knew he was waiting, she might get home to dinner.

Opening the drawer of the bed stand, he looked for her little Hollywood phone book. Lying on top was a torn page of white paper upon which several numbers had been roughly jotted down in pencil. As he picked it up in search of the book he saw that it was a letter—or rather, part of a letter—written in a bold hand, evidently a man's. His eye couldn't help catching the first words. Having seen them, he read the rest:

"Love you? Of course I love you. How can I help it after all that's happened—after what we've been to each other? You promised that it would always be the same—and it will—it must be. I just wouldn't want to live if—"

The rest was torn away—but if there had been a dozen pages they couldn't have told more than did the fragment in his hand. Yes, they could. The man's name—the only essential bit of information which was lacking.

He stood dazed with shock. The suddenness of it—like seeing some one you loved killed by an auto. He felt sick, too, as he slowly reread the damning words. They convicted her, all right—she could hardly laugh off "after what we've been to each other" and "you promised." Any court in the country would accept this as final proof.

So Hollywood had got her—and he, poor fool, had trusted her completely, even though he knew that she was constantly surrounded by glamorous young males. Which one had written this? Had the affair started before he left her here, only a month ago? It *couldn't* have. No actress was skillful enough to play such love scenes as they two had lived together. It had all happened within the last month—one of those quick, hot infatuations for which Hollywood is so famous.

Artistic temperament—that's what they call it, and they're probably right. Only artistic temperament would scribble phone numbers on the back of a passionate love letter and leave the thing lying in an open drawer. But her husband was safely in New York, so there was no danger. The maid knew—that was plain enough. That was why she looked so startled when he came in.

She could do this to *him*, who had never even looked at another woman since he'd been married. And her letters, pretending to miss him so—when all the time she was— It was pretty tough—but he was a man and could take it. He didn't have to stay and be made a fool. His bag wasn't even unpacked and the plane left in a few hours.

There was something else in the drawer—his revolver, which he had insisted should be there when he was away. He reached for it; then drew back. Why be melodramatic? He, at least, would not "go Hollywood." If an actress needed more emotional excitement than one man could supply, why should he object? He should have thought of that when he married her.

He had himself under perfect control. The thing to do was to find her at the studio, hand her the letter without a word, and then quietly tell her he was leaving and that when she wanted a divorce it was quite O. K. by him. No melodrama. He hated melodrama. He was sure he could get into the studio. Miss Dale's husband— He laughed ironically and started.

Half an hour later he stood with a studio guide at the edge of a set where his wife was working. A circle of bright lights played on the actors, making it impossible for them to see into the gloom beyond. Her beauty shook him, but he had steeled himself. He realized that he was outwardly cool and calm and would stay that way through the painful scene of his parting. No melodrama for him. No, *sir!*

How the woman could act! She was in the hero's arms now, and every well remembered tone of her gorgeous voice cut deep into the heart of the man who stood beyond the lights, waiting for her scene to end. Yes, the play of the mummers would end; but real tragedy would have to follow.

Could that handsome young leading man be the one? The actress was certainly ardent as she played to him. Was it all acting? In spite of his decision to show no emotion, the husband's hands were clenched as he gazed upon the woman he had loved—God help him, still loved.

He watched, fascinated, as she tore herself out of the man's arms, speaking her lines through real tears: "Love you? Of course I love you. How can I help it after all that's happened—after what we've been to each other—"

THE END

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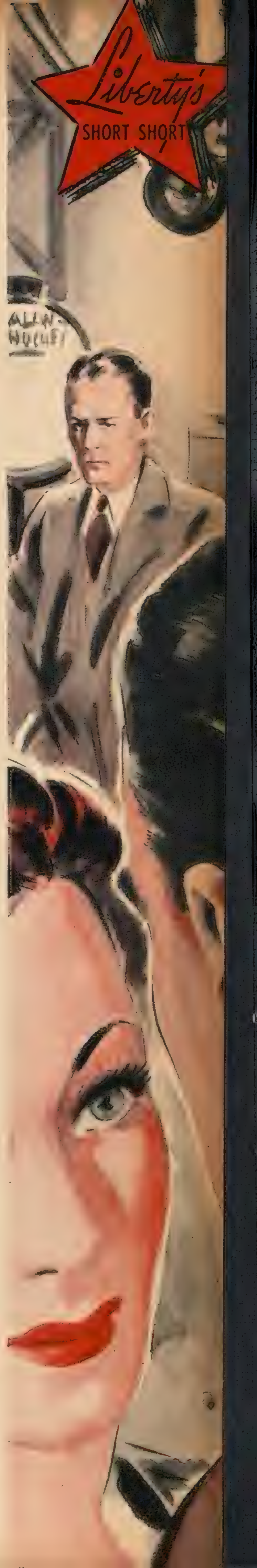

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

# A Ring ON Your Finger

I AM one of those creatures some of you regard as a moral leper and some of you secretly envy. I am living with a man and I am not married to him. For ten years I have borne this man's name but not his children, and regardless of whether or not you approve, I think you ought to listen to what I have to say. It may not have been exactly a noble experiment, but it's been an enlightening one.

I was no young girl when I went into this relationship. The man in question was no gullible young victim of my wiles. We had both been married, disillusioned, and divorced. We were both childless, so there were no innocents to be hurt.

But *why* did I do it? I often wonder about that myself. I was born of a conventional New England family who, a generation ago, had shuddered in well-bred fashion when my dashing young father married an actress—and then divorced her. I grew up in a smug suburban town. Among the friends of my former married life there was just one name for a woman who lived with a man—"kept."

Then *why* was I apparently willing to put myself in this class? I wasn't! I entered our arrangement because there was no alternative—and for the same reason that you became a legal wife. Simply because I loved him.

I believed wholeheartedly in the institution of marriage. So did he—but not for himself. Having once been cleaned out financially and emotionally by a woman, he was not going to put himself in the position where such a thing could happen again. He loved me—yes. He would give me everything he had except his name. I could use it if I wished, but that was as far as he would involve himself. He knew that in our state common-law marriage was not recognized.

The contemplation of living every day of my life with a man who was everything I wanted loomed greater than marriage. I couldn't let it go by!

In the very beginning I made up my mind that if I could not become a wife I didn't have to be a "kept woman." Fortunately, I had a job that paid me enough for my needs. I would not have to go to this man for a penny. He would pay our living and amusement expenses, in return for which I would make the home and lavish on him my love and fidelity.

It looks as if the thing should have worked out beautifully, doesn't it? But men are God's most conventional creatures, and my George was no exception. I knew there were friends of his whom I had never met. I began to wonder why he never brought these people home.

Finally I asked him. The answer came hesitantly but none the less cuttingly: "I'd rather they didn't know about us. They wouldn't understand."

Did it hurt? Of course! And the hurt went deep—not because of the slight but because of what lay behind it. "I will give you everything I have," he had vowed, "except my name," and I had agreed to that. But now he was refusing to give me his friends. Why? What else could I believe but that he was not exactly proud of the part I played in his life?

In the beginning I had invited people in for dinner or bridge. Some of them knew about our relationship. Some didn't. The former made George feel like "Exhibit A." The latter reminded him that he was playing a game he mustn't get caught at. He never relaxed with them.

Buying my own clothes was a habit with me, and I took this phase of my new life in my stride. But it gave me a feeling of independence I didn't want. Instinct told me that it is the helplessness, not the self-sufficiency, in a woman that appeals to a man. When I bought a new dress or hat, George would admire it—but it was an impersonal admiration. There was a warmth lacking that would have been there had *he* bought it for me.

Of course there was nothing to prevent George from buying me a piece of wearing apparel and giving me the joy of knowing that he had spent time and thought on me. But he didn't. A man is thoughtless unless a woman has some need of him that he must remember. There was nothing George had to remember about me except to come home at night because his dinner and I would be there.

And here is something else not generally known that every woman in my situation faces.

Shortly after we set up housekeeping I wanted additional life insurance. I was refused. I thought probably the medical examination had turned up some serious ailment I ought to know about, and I hounded the agent for the truth until he finally told me.

All insurance companies, he said, conduct a rigid personal investigation of every prospect. Their inquiries about me had revealed that I was living with a man to whom I was not married.

"For all we know," he told me, "this man may walk out on you and you might kill yourself. You are not a good insurance risk, you see. We figure that a woman who goes into such a situation is emotionally more or less unbalanced, to start out with."

So there it was! I was classed with the type of women whose violence and instability land them in the tabloids. I, who had never entertained any other thought than that if George ever wanted to leave me I would accept it calmly and philosophically. That was how I loved him. But I was denied the insurance.

I was also denied something else—a comfort that every woman has a right to. I had discovered that even though I was no legal wife I still had a legal wife's marital problems to face—the occasional jealousy,

the small acts of neglect that at the time look like mountains, the exhibitions of temper and selfishness that are part and parcel of every normal man. While I had not broadcast to the world that George and I were not legally married, I did tell a few intimate friends. But when I wept on their shoulders or raged with indignation, all I got was: "Well, what do you expect? You're not married to the man. He knows he's getting all the benefits of marriage and none of its obligations. You've spoiled him."

Gradually a growing sense of dissatisfaction, of being cheated somehow, crept into my thoughts. What, I began to ask myself, was I getting out of our relationship?

I had not the legal protection of his name. If he were taken ill suddenly tomorrow, his family could take him away from me and I would have no claim. If he died, I had no right to a widow's third of his estate. He wasn't supporting me—at least, I didn't figure it that way. I had always managed to keep a roof over my head, feed and clothe myself. He had to live somewhere, and without me his living expenses would probably have been higher. In me he had a homemaker for not even the cost of a part-time maid.

Ah—but there was *something* I had—something lots of legally married women hadn't. I was positive that I had a man whose fidelity was beyond question. And I believed that the reason George had not been unfaithful was because he knew he was not bound to me by law. He was on his honor, so to speak. At any moment he could walk out forever. There was no forbidden fruit to tempt him.

Oh, no? Suddenly, unexpectedly, indisputable evidence was dumped in my lap that George had been unfaithful to me consistently over a period of years. It was pretty ghastly to discover that the one thing in life I had been sure of never was mine.

I was too wise in the ways of life to believe that a child would strengthen the bond between us. The courts are too full of cases citing desertion of women and children. And the thought that George would feel he had to marry me if I became a mother was equivalent to a shotgun wedding, in my eyes. I wanted him to marry me because he *wanted* to or not at all.

So now where am I? Exactly nowhere.

Certainly I have not progressed in happiness or in richness of life during these past ten years, but I have accumulated a certain sort of wisdom. I have learned that dependency is the greatest weapon a wife can wield. I know now that the cleverest woman in the world is not she who steps out and carves a career for herself. Not she who defies the conventions. But she who makes a man feel that he was born into this world for the sole purpose of cherishing and protecting her. Who, every time she speaks of "my husband," makes him aware that he is her *everything;* that it isn't in him to let her down; that he will see her through, "in sickness and in health, for better, for worse." Only a very stupid and reckless woman attempts to blaze a new trail with a man—and I am quite willing to put myself in this category.

There is nothing to prevent me from putting George out of my life forever and looking around for another man. Nothing, that is, but the fact that I am still in love with him and I suppose I always will be. Now that I know what love really is, I can find no room in my heart for pride.

For every girl to read . . . A poignant revelation of what love without marriage did to one woman's life

He was playing a game, and he never relaxed.

Nor can I place the entire blame for what has happened on him. What blame there is probably attaches to me because I failed to see that we approached our relationship from different points of view. I had a picture in my heart of this man as a loving husband, fulfilling all of the traditions one expects of such a partner. He saw me as an adult woman who would stick to her bargain. He credited me with sufficient poise to keep the applecart we lived in from upsetting.

We both lost sight of the inescapable fact that a woman is always a woman with a woman's natural desires, and that with every breath I drew I was struggling to edge him closer to that point where he would see the light and slip a ring on my finger.

We don't live together now, George and I, though we are still the dearest of friends. We have just broken up, because I saw the time coming when we would not even be friends if we continued our ménage.

But I am waiting. Oh, yes, I am waiting. Because I still believe in love. I am waiting for the day when he will discover how much I really meant to him during the time we lived together without being married. I am staking all I have on my faith in love and human nature. *And habit.* If George decides I was an important enough habit, I think he will come for me and ask me to return to him. But this time it will be on my terms—and you know what they are.

And that, my friends, is all I have to show for the last ten years of my life.

Say that marriage is the bunk, if you will. Call it an outworn tradition. Brand it a failure. But, until something better is invented to take its place, it's woman's best bet.

There is no protection in all the world like a ring on your finger.

THE END

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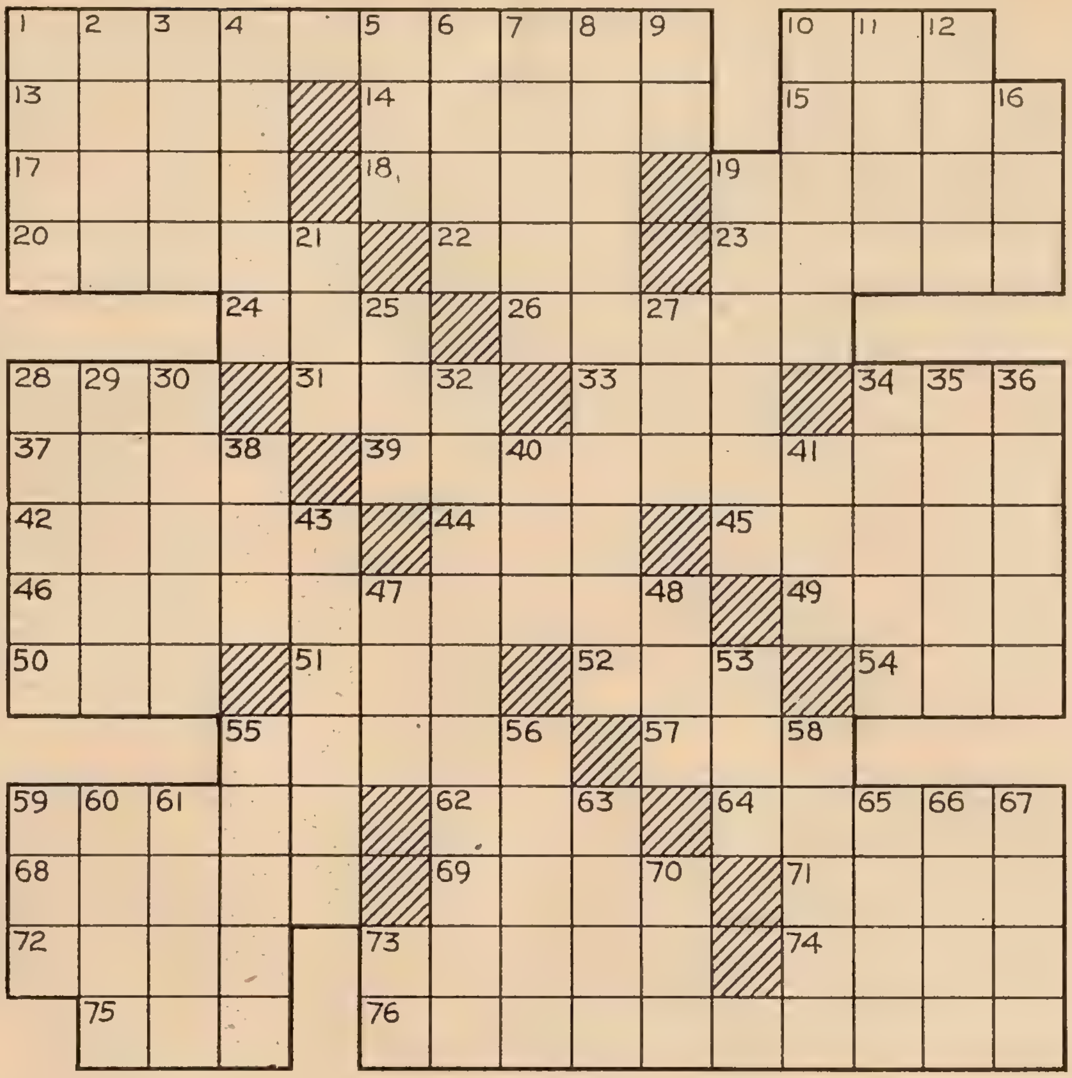
Puzzle # 97 7/23/38

# COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

## by Ted Shane



### HORIZONTAL

1 He's tall and cool-looking, gets drunk at all the clubs, is somewhat sweet and always half full of gin
10 Puss
13 XX
14 Monkeys, dancers, tourists, and nuts (pl.)
15 They got rhythm, they got rhythm
17 Coward
18 Give the old runaround
19 Kind of garter
20 The merry widow
22 Kangaroo's perambulator
23 Woman's strongest weakness (pl.)
24 Ace of cads (and a dirty dog, too)
26 Though not very bright, he's led an animated existence
28 This company keeps things rolling along (abbr.)
31 Device for rotating the jaw and speeding up typewriting
33 A little Mose
34 Deep blue
37 What Mayor Hague starts to avoid
39 Kind of tin (recently proved a gold mine in Tin Pan Alley)
42 This causes ringing in the ears, sleeplessness, and rising tempers
44 Mexican river
45 General cracker-barrel brigade headquarters
46 Robert Taylor (fem. def.); Myrna Loy (masc. def.)
49 Fit
50 Danger! Keep Away! Shun! (abbr.)
51 What grammarians do to their dogs on you
52 Roast, enjoyed by cats
54 They're complimentary yet get exchanged (abbr.)
55 What young society gals make for $50,000
57 Word used when doing the Virginia reel
59 Scared, quail, or to act like a cow

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | L | E | A | N | | S | H | A | D | | S | C | O | T |
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| D | U | S | E | | B | E | G | S | | Y | A | G | E | R |

Last week's answer

62 Nonalcoholic high ball
64 Thar
68 What a gal does when she lipsticks
69 The next 60 years will start with these
71 Saint of the riddle of 7
72 Well known American schoolboy
73 Flat at the Ritz
74 Kind of years every taxpayer fears
75 Henglish time piece
76 A writer of plays and a well known ballad

### VERTICAL

1 They start by being canned, then wind up in the dumps
2 Naughts to you
3 The look of things
4 This'll double you up
5 Fat traveling salesmen carry lots of extra ones around with them (abbr.)
6 First sitting rooms reserved for women only
7 Trojan horse opera
8 Non compos mental giant
9 Huffer-puffer (abbr.)
10 The difference between you and a millionaire
11 He suffered a subdivision while he slept and found an attachment on his property in the morning
12 A petit pup
16 This doesn't quite make sense
19 Linen sandwiches with bones between
21 The first of August
25 Sunken highway
27 Hawaiian slop chewy
28 The Tammany touch
29 Spaghettiville
30 We have a couple, England has only one, but Czechoslovakia has none at all
32 Isn't this amazing!
34 Fountain in whale's front yard
35 She can make a fool out of any man
36 They take the starch right out of a person
38 Toupee Restoration Committee (abbr.)
40 Frank Norris' deepest novel
41 Pronoun (possessive)
43 Nickel nurses
47 You can only get a decent word out of this when it's all wet
48 Kind of deal an athlete gets at college
53 What a louse this turned out to be!
55 Hold up an actor
56 The old build-up
58 Sounds as if thar's cold in its hills
59 Iron horse that gallops around Canada (abbr.)
60 Four big round horse collars
61 The cry of the happy Herbert
63 Phi on this kappatal scholar
65 Jes plain no-account
66 A backward deer
67 In feudal days his lot was woe.
He wasn't organized by the C. I. O.
70 This carries weight in India
73 — long. See you in two weeks!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

**Liberty presents another stirring real-life story of faith and its rewards**

# I WAS ON THE CHAIN GANG —AND I PRAYED

## By a Thief

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE world went black for many men, tough men with strong backs and muscles of iron, that hot day in August. They were members of a chain gang in Alabama—murderers, burglars, petty thieves. They had to work under a sweltering sun until they fell out—fainted. They had to do it or get the "black strap."

In the "chirt" pit where they worked there was not a breath of air. As they loaded the trucks with gravel, guards, standing at the top of the pit, pointed rifles at them. The men kept on until they keeled over rather than take the beating they would get if they refused to dig.

At last only two of the prisoners remained at work. The rest had succumbed to heat and strain.

"Lay on that shovel, you!" the guard shouted.

"Come down here, you coward, and lay on it yourself!" one of the convicts shouted back. He threw his shovel on the truck and quit.

I did not have his courage. I kept working faster and faster at each yell from above. My heart pounded. My temples were throbbing. A red-hot poker seemed to burn my chest.

It was then that I prayed.

"Please, dear God, please, if You can answer the prayer of a hardened thief, pardon me for my sins and take me out of this. And please let me have strength to stick it out until You do. Please, most merciful God."

Suddenly a voice near me penetrated my consciousness. Some one was telling me to stop—some one with authority. A hand grabbed my arm and wiped a wet cloth over my face. My eyes opened to see the warden of the camp standing before me.

"I'm taking him back to camp with me," he shouted up to the guards. "Let the men take it easier or you'll kill 'em all."

On the way back to camp he asked me about my crime, the crime for which I was now paying the penalty. I told him how I had defrauded nearly every large retail merchant in the near-by metropolis and that I had done it because society would not give me a chance.

"How was it that you did not rob your employer also?" he queried.

"He was kind to me and trusted me," I answered.

"If I trust you and put you on a clerk's job in the city jail, will you act right to me too?"

"If you do that I will know that this day the great God above has answered my prayer. I'll finish my term like a man. After that I will go out and try to earn an honest living."

He got that job for me. It was a pleasant change from the "chirt" pit. My life was as happy as life behind bars could be. Each night I prayed for a chance to live like an honest man.

One day a church worker asked to talk with me. He asked why I had become a habitual criminal. I told him about the girl when I was eighteen—the girl who fooled me into believing I had to protect her honor by getting money from my employer. It was my first crime. I paid for it, or so I thought until I was pardoned. Then I found that society forces some wrongdoers to continue paying for the rest of their lives. Society hounded me from one job to another, and I decided to make society pay.

"Why didn't you try prayer?" he asked.

"I did pray, but I never had an answer until that day in the pit."

"God answered that prayer and He will answer others," the church worker said. "I will pray for your release."

Some time after that, I was pardoned by the governor. When the news came, I poured out my thanks to God. And the day before I left for my home, I uttered the second fervent prayer of my life.

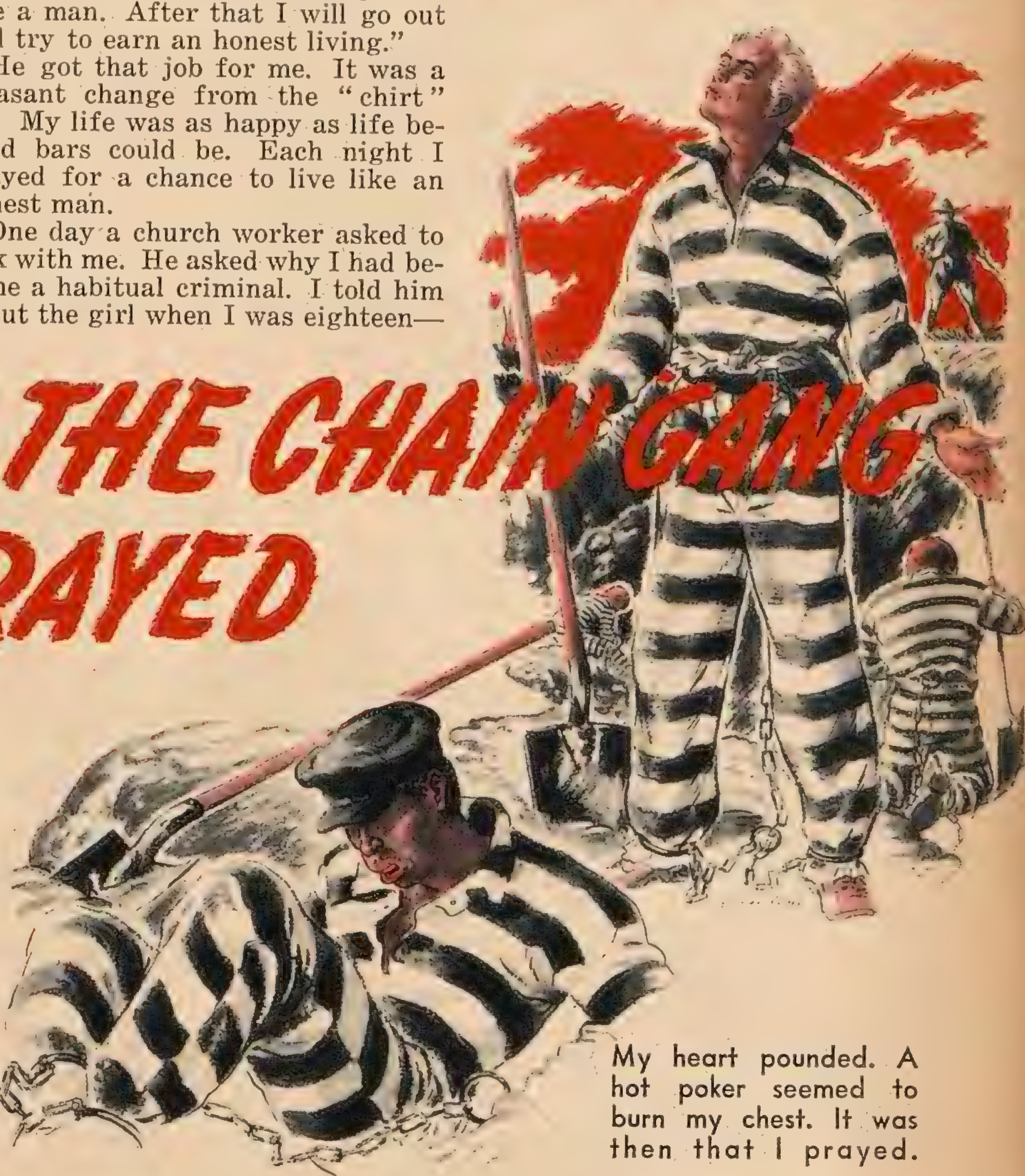
"Most merciful Father, please let me measure up to the trust of these people who have released me. Please let me find honest work to do."

This last prayer has never been answered. Probably the time has not arrived. Maybe I must continue this never-ending fear, a fear that something will force me back into major crimes. There is still a little time left in my life, I believe, for the prayer to be answered. I am now nearly fifty. It has been eighteen years since I committed that last big crime.

In writing this, a realization dawns upon me that there is little difference between big crimes and petty rackets. I am engaged in petty work that is cheap and dishonest. I do it for a bare living. I do it because my second prayer has never been answered. I cannot get an honest job. I have been told that I do not deserve one during a time when so many honest people are starving.

Still, I remember the miraculous answer I got to my first prayer, and I still say, with some bewilderment, "Please, God, let me do honest work for just a few years before I die."

THE END



My heart pounded. A hot poker seemed to burn my chest. It was then that I prayed.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MISTAKING Allison Timms, a wealthy Long Islander, for the man they are after, Hestin, Mineg, and Gon, thugs in the employ of Cardono, a Spanish gunrunner, shanghai him aboard a tramp steamer loaded with contraband. Their quarry was Terrence O'Houle, a secret agent of the United States government, who had foiled Cardono in many of his lawless projects. Too late, the error is discovered, while headed out to sea on their nefarious business.

For his pledge of silence, Timms is treated like a honored guest. Cardono, the boss of the explosive cargo, introduces him to Señorita Espan, one of his partners in crime, the other being Biston, an engineer. It's a queer set-up, with the captain of the ship purposely blind to the purpose of the voyage. Queerer still, and as ominous, the real O'Houle is a stowaway on board and only reveals himself to Timms. O'Houle wants his co-operation, and advises the shanghaied millionaire to make love to the charming señorita—even though he is a married man!

The old hooker runs into a hurricane and it looks as if they would all go to the bottom. In the midst of it Biston threatens mutiny and is shot and killed by the captain. Cardono is flung down by the raging storm, his arm broken. Dramatically, O'Houle appears, his head cut and bleeding, and shouts at the captain to " Run for it! "—that the cargo may blow up at any minute.

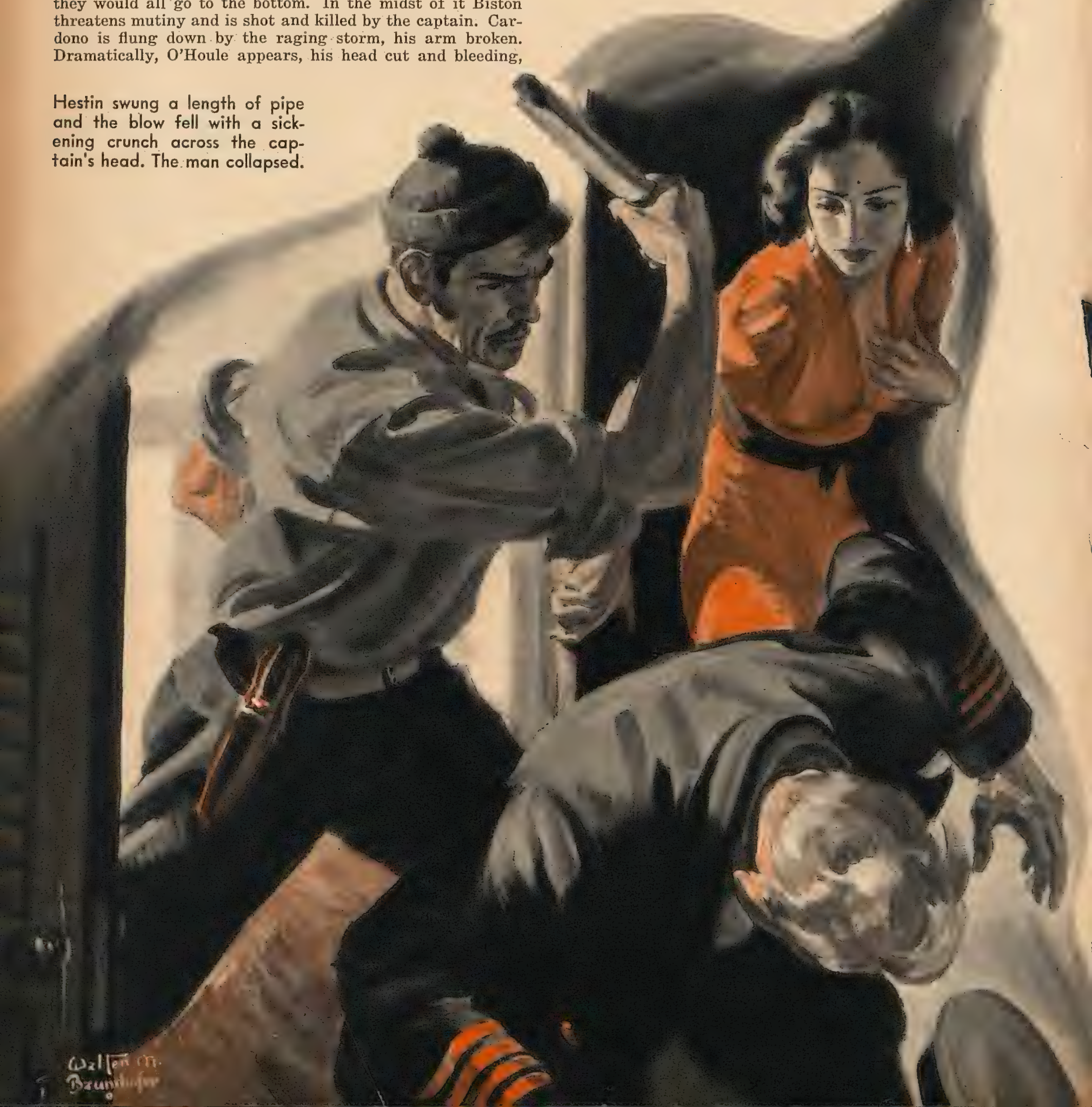
However, the ship outrides the tempest. The hurt and whimpering Cardono is carried below, now helpless. Timms, after congratulating the captain, goes to see the Spaniard.

## PART SIX—" IT'S YOUR LIFE YOU FIGHT FOR "

GON had helped Cardono below and managed to strip him of his soaked clothing and get him into bed. But that was the extent of his ministrations. With Biston gone, there was none aboard who knew anything of surgery, so it appeared that the broken arm would have

ILLUSTRATED BY

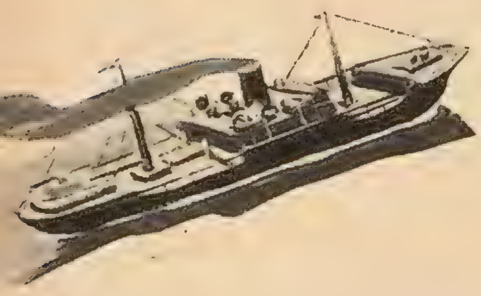
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



Hestin swung a length of pipe and the blow fell with a sickening crunch across the captain's head. The man collapsed.

# RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

## BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE



to shift for itself. But here Timms got another surprise. The señorita had come to the cabin, set the arm as well as she could, and managed to strap it in splints. Cardono, by reason of the pain in the arm and the settling of the seas, had overcome his *mal de mer.* He had partaken of brandy and felt better, though at best he made a sorry picture.

Timms took a bracer from the whisky bottle, paused as he heard the boatswain outside piping that a meal would be ready and served all hands at four that afternoon. Then he regarded Cardono speculatively.

"This man O'Houle," he said gently, "he's aboard. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"May the devil embrace the fiend!"

"But you must be pleased that he is here," Timms protested. "You must have wanted him, else why try to kidnap him?"

Cardono groaned, tossed his head on the crumpled pillow. "Had I kidnaped him, that was one thing. To have him come aboard himself, that means anything . . . anything devilish to our cause."

"A word about that 'cause,' if you will. I think you are an actor, Cardono. You have no cause. You are just operating a gunrunning expedition for what there is in it. Now that Biston is gone, what will happen? A fight over the spoils?"

At the thought, Cardono found strength to sit upright in bed. "The very thing O'Houle plans!" he shouted.

"Cardono," Timms demanded abruptly, "whom are we to meet at this rendezvous? Perhaps I can help save trouble there. I have a feeling that things are going to go wrong, that fighting will start. For my own sake, I want to avoid that, and surely it would be better from your standpoint."

Cardono pondered the question several moments, then he rolled his face to the bulkhead. "I am suffering very much," he said. "I cannot talk now. Perhaps later, after a word with the señorita; when I have that hellhound O'Houle in irons. . . ."

Danger ahead! Now the red hand of mutiny appears—and the zero hour of a thrilling adventure draws near

"O'Houle," Timms snapped, "is resting comfortably in the captain's quarters. He has a cut forehead, gained when the corner of an ammunition case struck him, and he is completely exhausted. A few hours' sleep will doubtless restore him completely."

"But I'll not have it! I ordered him to the brig, double irons, to be held there. . . ."

"I tell you only what has happened."

Cardono attempted a gesture of violence because words failed him. But the gesture brought such pain that it terminated with a moan. "Go away," he pleaded. "Go away. Later we shall talk. I am in anguish. The pain is dreadful. . . ."

Timms helped himself to another gulp from the bottle, felt the fiery liquid in every nerve of his body, lit a cigarette, and went to his room.

IT was after sunset and the sea had subsided so that the tramp wallowed comfortably. The captain roused the first officer and relinquished the deck to him. The crew, having eaten their fill, turned in but for the scantiest of watches in engine room and on the bridge. The captain went first to the door of Cardono's cabin and, after peering in, satisfied himself that the man was safe in bed. Then he went to the small room occupied by Timms. That gentleman he found in the deepest slumber, his lips parted foolishly and gentle snores emanating from his upturned nose.

Satisfied, the captain went to the door of the señorita's room and rapped sharply. The voice of the girl made immediate response.

"Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but it's got to be done. I want a few words with you. This is the captain."

"Just a few moments, please. It's no bother."

SHORTLY the door of the cabin opened and the captain doffed his battered cap and stepped inside.

"We'll close the door, please," he said peremptorily.

The señorita raised her brows, hesitated a brief second, then complied with his request.

"This is confidential, then?" She smiled.

"It's best we ain't heard."

"Very well."

"I got a few things that must be straightened out."

"I'll help as much as I can."

"If you'll do it, that's a lot. Who's this man Timms?"

"Just what he appears to be."

"Shanghaied?"

"Yes."

"They must have wanted him right bad."

"They wanted the man they thought he was."

"That's O'Houle?"

"Correct."

"Queer goin's on, if you ask me."

"Of course, captain, I didn't ask you."

"No. I'm askin' you."

"I've told you all I know of Mr. Timms."

"What about O'Houle?"

"He is an agent of the government of the United States."

"That don't mean nothin' out here."

"It will mean a lot when we return."

"That's what was in my mind."

"Mine too." The señorita smiled again.

"You seem to know the answers, lady."

"And you, the questions."

The captain paused to scratch his head. He wrinkled his brows and pursed his lips. The señorita was different from any girl he had ever met.

"Well," he went on presently, "I hope you won't mind, but I got to put some blunt questions."

"You seem to be doing very well."

"Who is Cardono?"

"Surely you know that. You've dealt with him longer than you have known me."

"Yeah. But who is he? A real Spaniard? On the level with this revolution stuff?"

"Is the señor unable to speak for himself?"

"I wouldn't believe what he told me anyway."

"You will have to get your information about him from him."

"Well, what about Biston? You saw me kill Biston?"

"I did."

"Was I justified?"

"On the whole, yes. I believe the law allows self-defense when the presumption is reasonable that your life is truly endangered. Biston was silly. He drew a pistol and threatened you."

"You'd testify to that?"

"Certainly."

"But now that Biston is dead, won't you tell me who he is?"

The girl thought several seconds, her lower lip caught under her white upper teeth. Then, impulsively, "Yes, I'll tell you as much as I know."

"That'll be enough."

"Well, he was a Spaniard. He ran a wine room and restaurant in New York until recently. Then he contacted some factories in America and undertook to supply Cardono and others with war materials."

"Big profits?"

"I suppose they are big. But so is the risk."

"So I imagine. Was Biston the brains?"

"Up to a point. Cardono has the contacts in Spain. He has the money. Several times they have lost whole shiploads of the most needed materials."

"How?"

"O'Houle would outsmart them at the last moment. He would intern the ship and the whole thing was lost."

"What about the people who put up the money?"

"They had no choice but to put up more. War is war."

"Who are Hestin an' Mineg?" asked the captain.

"I do not know. Hestin is supposed to be a sort of gang contact man, so I suppose Mineg is the same. They are together a great deal and when they hired on we had to take them both in order to get either."

"Why did you want 'em?"

"Cardono thought we might need gunmen."

"That's what they are, then?"

"So I understand."

"Good. Now, who are you?"

"Señorita Espan."

"But what are you doin' tied in with a gang like Biston an' Cardono?"

"Handling war materials for profit."

"You get a cut?"

"That was the promise."

"What part do you perform?"

"Shipping and assembling of materials. I'm acquainted with roads, freight, and express conditions, tariffs and the like. I was what factories call a stock chaser. My job was to get things shipped as and when we wanted, and see that the cargo arrived all at one time so that it could be loaded before it was discovered."

"Pretty important work. . . ."

"It was very interesting."

"For a pretty woman."

"Women have changed lately. We now do things we never dreamed of doing before."

"I guess so. You Spanish?"

"Perhaps we'd as well stick to relevant subjects. I see no need to become more personal than necessary."

EXCUSE me. I meant nothin' personal. You see, things has changed a lot in the last twenty-four hours. This hurricane has played hell in several ways. . . ."

"The ship is damaged? We cannot keep the rendezvous?"

"Nope, the ship's all right. We'll keep the rendezvous a few hours late. That won't matter though. They'll wait. A body'd think we were the only ones knows there's been a blow. Every ship within five hundred miles knows about this storm. The one we're to meet knows we met it, too, 'cause it knows our course, see? They'll wait."

"I presumed so."

"Sure. But the damage that was done is bringin' this O'Houle man out of the holds for a showdown. It's in killin' your man Biston an' cripplin' this Cardono. Now everybody knows about everybody else. The crew'll know all about O'Houle. They'll see trouble brewin', 'cause sailors like them ain't the best of friends with cops, to begin with."

"Isn't it better we knew before the meeting at sea? At least we know O'Houle is here."

"That's true. But there's a lot of things to consider."

"For instance, what?"

"Well, the crew; the officers who signed on, bettin' that there'd be plenty more than cookie money for the cruise."

"If we complete the project, Cardono has agreed to bonuses."

"But what's a bonus compared with the whole kitty? They know I've killed Biston. They know I'd never do it without a cause. As long as killin' is done, you'll never convince 'em I didn't do it for a bigger share myself."

"That sounds farfetched."

"Mebbe. But it happens to be true."

"At a time like this we are all apt to exaggerate."

"Yeah. Tell me this, who is Gon?"

"Cardono has hired him for three or four years. He is harmless."

"Hestin wouldn't think so."

"Gon is very strong. He will do exactly as Cardono says."

"So I see. Why?"

"He is an imbecile."

"I noticed you stopped him in his tracks by shoutin' 'Sparks!' at him."

"That is true."

"O'Houle knew the same thing."

"That's strange, isn't it?"

"I thought so. What has sparks got to do with it?"

"Truly, I don't know. Cardono has told me in the past that use of the word would always subdue Gon."

WELL," said the captain, "that hurricane brought out some feathers on this goose we're ridin'. I guess you're sharper at answerin' questions than I am at askin' 'em. Anyhow, hell's apt to pop around here afore long. I just want you to keep me posted from your side. Cardono is whinin' like a pup with a sore toe. Biston is dead. Timms seems to me to be gettin' interested, an' if he is big enough to own that yacht I saw, he's too big for me to mess with."

"That means just what, captain?"

"Just this: With a gov'ment agent aboard, a dead man buried at sea, a millionaire shanghaied, a load of war materials, an' a coupla other lesser items, I ain't in any fit way to retain my master's license, once the news leaks out. So I'm willin' to step in alongside you, miss. I'll go all the way with you, see? An' I'll get enough so's I can spend the rest of my days in England, rather than go back an' face the fiddlin' that'll follow this cruise."

The señorita pursed her pretty lips and thought for several long moments. The captain finally resumed:

"Where is a better team? Cardono is a louse, if you don't mind my sayin' so. O'Houle is a policeman. Timms ain't interested in anythin' but gettin' back to his yacht. I'll stand toe to toe with you, an' we'll clean up, girlie. Clean up, an' send the ship home from a foreign port under the first officer. I'm game, an't looks like a logical scheme."

"You're a very brave man, captain. You did a fine thing in the storm. This ship is old, small, and heavy-laden. . . ."

"Well, wouldn't I make a good partner?"

"Yes. But let me think. There are certain things which must be considered. . . ."

"Sure. Think away. But not too long. I must know before noon tomorrow. We'll be apt to contact the rendezvous ship late tomorrow, if they did what I think they did."

"I'll see."

"You're a smart little thing, lady. What I've told you will see us both rich an' tidy in harbor for life."

"I'll think of all sides, captain."

He leaned forward and dropped his voice even lower. But before he could speak, there came a gentle rap at the door. The señorita rose but the captain swung and opened. Darkness was falling but there was enough light to see that it was Hestin who had knocked. He touched his forehead with a finger by way of greeting.

"Excusin' me, captain," he explained, "the bo's'n asks me to tell you he needs you at once on the fo'castle."

The captain nodded, turned to bow to the señorita. As he did so, Hestin swung from behind his back his favorite weapon, a length of pipe in a paper, and the blow fell with a true and sickening crunch across the captain's head. The man collapsed. The señorita gasped, cringed before the gloating Hestin.

"Easy, sister," the man said. "There's plenty to tell you later an' you're safe as a bug in a rug. Here, Mineg, here's your meat. Drag him away an' stow him safe." He turned then to the señorita. "Y'see, sister," he grinned, "it's a little scheme of our own. This crazy gov'ment man is shackled, so is the dizzy millionaire what stuck his head in our way. Cardono is wrapped up tight an' the ship an' the cargo happen to belong to Mineg an' me. Don't be scared; we're cuttin' you in for a nice slice, so get ready to steer us to the information we want."

Mineg gloatingly dragged the captain through the narrow door and quite openly continued his awkward march along the deck. This fact alone indicated the truth of what Hestin had said. The ship had been taken over by the roughneck crew.

THE situation aboard the ship was ridiculous to the point of comedy. Only O'Houle, largely responsible for it, could see the humor of it. He found a great deal to laugh at in the position of all who once had been leaders of the expedition. He lay on the floor in the cabin of Cardono, his arms tightly bound, his ankles lashed together, and a guard pacing the deck immediately outside the cabin door.

On the bed, Cardono was in much the same plight, though only his right arm was bound to his side, for his left was quite helpless and causing him great pain, which he bore poorly. Also in the cabin, but sitting up now, was Allison Timms. His ankles and his arms were bound, and all three of these men were helpless.

"You see, Cardono," O'Houle was taunting, "you lie there with a slightly cracked left arm and moan away valuable time. I have a split head, an empty stomach, a completely worn-out patience, and virtually no future, but you don't hear me moaning about it, Cardono. Regard our innocent friend Al. Had you run into what overtook him, they'd hear you bellowing above the guns of your native land. You are yellow, my dear Cardono. You strike people who cannot fight back, you depend upon the brains of a young lady, you whimper against the Fates after you have challenged them for profit. . . . Yet, strange as it may seem, it appears that we must act as allies."

"Allies! Cardono and O'Houle as allies? You are mad. Rather would I die the death of a pig!"

"Any death you die will be that."

"Skunk!"

"You are developing certain choice Americanisms. Now, the little creature you edify by classification with myself has attributes of its own and never flies under false colors. It defends its progeny, minds its own business, fights courageously in danger, and proclaims to a knowing world not only its identity but almost its exact whereabouts at all times with the single but unique weapon it possesses. These qualities I can admire. Certain Spaniards I know would do well to imitate them, just as would certain Americans."

"You are glib. You have no more

GOING PLACES?

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sense than to quip when death hovers over us all. You do not possess bravery; you are just bereft of the necessary sense to understand danger."

"The death of one pig and two or more gentlemen," O'Houle smiled, "is . . ."

"May you boil in the blood of a million wild goats!"

"But not in the blood of a whining smuggler! You do not wish to die, Cardono. Think of it! You could no longer furnish me work and yourself the nourishment of a genuine hatred. It is your nature to love hate. You are emotional, you are neurotic, you are bound up in your failures and have developed the art of deeming yourself perfect and blaming your failure upon others. Thus you fatten your ego and grow dumber and dumber. Surely you do not wish to relinquish such a future as that."

"Bloated boaster!"

"And then there is always the lovely señorita. Surely her safety must lie close to your great heart."

"She will care for herself, have no fear."

"She will if she's cared for! It's a cinch you'll never lift a finger to care for her."

"Has she not sold me out! Have you not heard the taunting of Hestin? She is in with them. They are smart, for the señorita knows the cargo, knows the prices agreed upon, can bargain better than they. But she has sold me out. What does she care for me, or for her murdered compatriot, Biston?"

"Not much, I guess. Not much. And I can understand her attitude. But what did you do to Gon? What were you scheming to do to all of them who worked with you?"

"Gon? What of Gon?"

"Sparks," O'Houle taunted. "Just let's leave it at that."

Cardono struggled upward on the bunk. His jet eyes blazed and his little mustache twitched with violence. After a moment he said, "Gon is mad. Gon is vacant-minded. I have to control his strength."

"How true. But how do you control it? Certainly not through love."

Cardono was moistening his lips. Timms watched this sudden development eagerly, for it was clear from the manner of O'Houle that he was leading to a strange point with these words. Cardono stammered, "Could Gon understand love?"

"Only fear. A strange case, this imbecile. The mind of a baby and the body of a gorilla. Because he appears to fear nothing, fear itself is the dominant factor of his twisted existence. Not unusual, Cardono. Not very clever on your part, except that it might cover your own nasty tracks."

"Liar! You fiend of hell . . . you . . ."

"Come, come, Cardono, regard the pain of your arm. Work up a pulse and you'll pay in a thousand throbs. Calm yourself. What is mere murder to a man of your caliber?"

"You lie . . . you lie!"

"ON the contrary, your very manner indicates to an impartial observer that I do not lie. I know that you murdered Ventro. I know that you did it cleverly enough, because you made even Gon believe he did it himself. Then you told him the horrors of the electric chair, the sparks, the odors, the electric shocks. . . . Don't interrupt. These things I know you did, for I have controlled Gon in the same manner.

"You are madder than Gon. You have taken leave of what senses were yours in the beginning."

"A mere step, Cardono. Virtually only the shifting of my weight from one foot to the other. But the fact remains. If you can deliver this cargo and collect for it, a thing I am in no position to prevent legally, then you will be in funds and can defend yourself with clever lawyers. If we fail to deliver it, we shall die right here. Of that I am certain, for you have made the grave error of arranging this delivery through bandits of a wiser mind and deeper villainy than your own."

Cardono fell back upon the bed. He begged the passing guard to give him brandy and the guard complied. He was a member of the crew, a rough fellow with a flat face, heavy shoulders, and a dull evil eye more or less discounted by an amiable smile. After holding a glass to the Spaniard's lips, he helped himself from the neck of the bottle, then returned to the deck outside and lounged there.

O'Houle spoke to Timms. "An interesting case," he said casually. "Cardono stabs Ventro to death, then turns Gon loose upon the *corpus delicti*. He not only alibis himself of the killing but gains a mad servant for life. That, of course, ceases now, for at the correct time I shall make even Gon understand."

Cardono moaned a denial that was conviction in itself.

"And the pretty señorita," O'Houle went on pitilessly —"the sweet señor with the busted wing had designs upon her hand, just as did the dead Biston. Now we see Hestin and the señorita in league, with Cardono, the gorgeous lover, parked in a bunk with one arm tied and the other busted. Perhaps the señorita has a few plans of her own . . ."

"You lie! You know you lie. Ah, what a strange fate should mold you to torment me in my anguish!"

"She knows so much and tells so little, this señorita," O'Houle went on. "Much as I dislike the association, you and I must join hands, Cardono. Should we not, the others will win and we shall die."

CARDONO was actually panting, but the cowardice in the man was rising, and it was plain that he was weighing the words of this government agent.

"And presuming that a gentleman would associate with you, in what form would we work?" he asked sarcastically.

"I would know from you who the spies are aboard. Surely you have some among this crew. . . ."

Cardono laughed hoarsely. "I have. I am not the fool you think."

"You couldn't be that."

"You will hear from the friends of Cardono, all in good time."

"That is comforting. But whom do we meet? What men arranged the European side of this excursion that has brought us so charmingly together?"

"O'Houle must ask? He does not, then, know all things?"

"There's no telling what he knows."

"On the ship we meet there will be the friends of Cardono. This the traitors aboard here will learn to their sorrow. I shall demand of them soon that I be freed to negotiate."

"That's like asking creamed strawberries of a walrus. But have it your way. You have had your chance."

"I spurn anything you could offer."

"But you'll take it ultimately," O'Houle grated, "and like it."

In the middle of the day they were served gruel, which they drank from bowls held to their lips by smirking members of the crew. Gon himself stood at the door and laughed at their efforts to drink without wetting themselves with the warm fluid. He told them that the first officer was running the ship, that the men on the bridge were watching the horizon for smoke, that two men in the masthead were peering with wide eyes for ships.

But night fell with no developments. Night that was soft and starry with its gentle whispering in the rigging and its magic touch upon a sleeping sea. The drowsy song of engines went on rhythmically. Timms slept desultorily. Once he heard six bells strike and thought that it must be three o'clock of the midwatch.

It was some time after that when a hand fell across his lips, roused him, pressed him back on to his improvised bed. He felt something at his bonds, felt them give suddenly and knew that his arms were free. Then his ankles. Luxuriously he stretched these members, raised himself while the hand tapped a warning of silence on his lips. Then the whisper of O'Houle poured into his ear, and into his hand slipped the hard metal of a pistol and into his lap dropped another weapon fastened to a belt filled with cartridges.

"Now's the time," O'Houle said. "We've sighted the ship. They're contacting by blinker lights. We'll tie together at dawn. Whatever comes, Timms, fight like blazing hell, for you're in the middle of it and it's your life you fight for."

"Yes, but what chance have we?"

"I believe I said before that we'd not count chances but would use savvy. You may as well see my hand now. On this ship that we meet are men wanted at home for every crime, from murder down. They are the scum of the criminal world. That's why I'm here. The first officer of this ship is one of my boys. We must arrange this transfer of cargo, we must get Cardono and Hestin, and we must get at least two of the criminals from this rendezvous ship, and pack them all back into American waters where we can lay a legal hand on them."

"They'll never go. It's suicide to fight against such odds."

"Rather suicide than hell-hacked murder at the hands of these thugs. Just the mention of my name will see to that. It's up to us to fight, and if we do we can win through."

"Very well. What's the first move?"

"Not to move. Hestin is centered on this contact at sea. The first officer is in charge of the ship, and the guard is over us. I'll send word to him to place Gon at the door. Then we'll be set to move when we have to move."

"I'm not much of a policeman and I've never fired at a human, but I'll be at your elbow for orders."

"An' you'll get 'em," O'Houle promised—"fast an' straight."

*Will O'Houle succeed in his desperate counterplot to seize the contraband and round up the criminals? And what is to be the fate of the señorita? Events crowd and suspense mounts to the highest pitch as the opponents come to final grips in next week's Liberty.*

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 11

1—William Gillette.
2—Akron, Ohio.
3—No; a rainbow may be composed of as few colors as one or two.
4—David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of Great Britain.
5—Belgium.
6—Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet (1842-1912).
7—Probably drink it—it's made with rum.
8—That of Mount Everest, the world's highest.
9—The black sheep.
10—N. b. (*nota bene*).
11—A bird.
12—Luise Rainer, winning the Academy award for her work in the role.
13—The Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia.
14—A bull.
15—In Newark and Jersey City.
16—A coal-tar product.
17—Anatole France.
18—One Jimmy is a prominent golfer; another is a Tammany leader recently under fire.
19—At Arlington National Cemetery; he was the first President to be buried there.
20—

Clarence Darrow

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

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**Mint Springs**
KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKEY
90 PROOF

# How Reliable Is the Wassermann

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE Editor of Liberty has asked me if the Wassermann test is always reliable.

My answer is, NO. A " positive " Wassermann by itself does not always mean that the patient has syphilis. A " negative " by itself does not always indicate the absence of the disease.

Nevertheless the Wassermann test is one of the most reliable diagnostic measures known to medicine. It is an invaluable guide in the early detection and treatment of this last and most insidious of the great plagues. It is, of course, necessary to have the examinations made in a reliable laboratory. According to a speech delivered by Surgeon General Thomas Parran in Philadelphia, tests made by certain cut-rate laboratories have shown a margin of error as high as 28 per cent. This necessarily results in false diagnoses.

The prevalence of syphilis is so great that practically every one of us is daily in contact, casually or intimately, with a person who is or has been a victim of it.

Syphilis can and should be detected when it first appears. It is true that in the very earliest stage the Wassermann test tells us nothing, because the substances which cause the reaction have not yet appeared in the blood. Their presence cannot be ascertained, as a rule, until five or six weeks after the infection has taken place. Fortunately, there are other methods of early detection. Unfortunately, many a patient fails to consult a physician at once.

Every sore, however slight, on the sex organs is a danger signal that must be heeded. It must be examined for the microbe that causes syphilis, called *Spirochaeta pallida*. The examination is practically painless. It is available in all up-to-date communities. Many physicians and laboratories can perform it; it is provided free by most Health Departments. If the disease is diagnosed early and proper treatment is started before the thirty-fifth day after infection, and continued long enough (not less than fifteen to eighteen months), we can assure a cure in 90 per cent or more of all cases. Even a short delay reduces the chances of a cure considerably, until eventually it drops to 65 per cent or less.

In the first few weeks of the infection (fourteenth to the thirty-fifth day) the presence of the baneful spirochete can and should be detected with a " dark-field " microscope. Such an examination should be made of all suspected sores as soon as possible. Even the mildest local treatment interferes with the discovery of the elusive organism, and no type of treatment should, therefore, be given until the examination has been made. The sore which heralds the disease, and which is called a " chancre," appears on the sex organs in over 90 per cent of all cases. In the remainder it appears elsewhere; most commonly on the face, especially on the lips. For this reason, the man or woman who has a persistent sore on the lips, especially after indulging in kissing, should call on the physician to determine the advisability of a dark-field examination. It should be stressed here that syphilis may be contracted innocently.

If syphilis is not detected and treated in the first, or " primary," period, the original sore vanishes, even without any treatment. But, usually six weeks after infection, another sign appears in the form of a rash that covers much of the body. By that time the disease has produced a change in the patient's body which can be detected by examining his blood. This is the so-called blood test. Of the various types of tests, the Wassermann test is most widely used. In many cases the blood test is the only method by which a diagnosis is possible, since both the first sore and the subsequent rash disappear even without treatment. Then the disease goes on to the later stages, during which the heart, blood vessels, the brain and spinal cord, and the internal organs may become affected.

The blood for the test is usually taken from a vein at the bend of the elbow. After it is withdrawn it begins to clot; then a straw-colored fluid, called serum, oozes from the congealing mass. If the serum contains a substance which we call " reagin," it is safe to assume, nearly always, that the patient has syphilis.

The " reagin " can be detected by means of the Wassermann and other blood tests.

The Wassermann test is made somewhat as follows: Five ingredients are assembled in a glass tube. One is the serum from the patient's blood; the others are substances derived from beef heart, and from the blood of guinea pigs, rabbits, and sheep. They may be designated as A, B, C, D, and E. B is the serum. C, called the complement, is the chief detective. If the serum (B) comes from the blood of a syphilitic patient, it contains reagin and therefore combines with A and C. The result of this combination is invisible, like sugar or salt dissolved in water. In such a case the Wassermann test is positive. The patient is infected with syphilis.

If the serum is free from syphilis, it does not contain reagin and C does not enter into combination with A and B. In that case, C combines with the two other substances, D and E. This combination assumes a clear reddish color. The test is negative.

The intensity of the color and the turbidity determine the degree of the reaction. A *four-plus* indicates a strongly positive reaction; a *three-plus* less intense but still strongly positive; *two-plus* is positive; *one-plus* weakly positive; *plus-minus* is doubtful. *Negative* always indicates the absence of the reaction; it does not always indicate the absence of syphilis. And here it

### An eminent authority speaks with challenging

# Test?

## BY LOUIS CHARGIN, M. D.

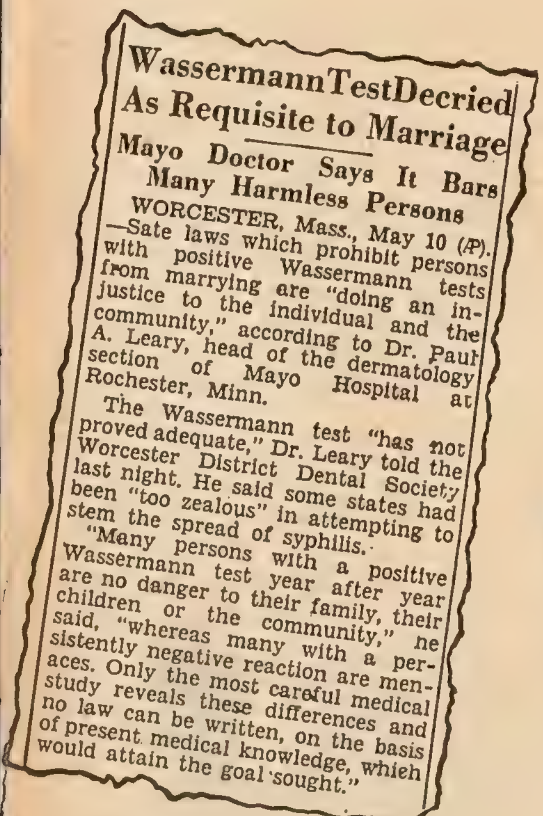
Director of the Central Social Hygiene Clinic, Department of Health, New York City

should be emphasized that the strength of the reaction merely indicates the quantity of reagin in a patient's blood and does not indicate the intensity of the syphilitic infection.

The blood becomes positive, as a rule, between five and six weeks after the infection takes place. It may remain positive for long periods of time—sometimes for life. It nearly but not always indicates syphilis. Rarely the reaction appears in certain other diseases. The exceptions, though frequently cited by opponents of the blood test, are practically negligible.

No laboratory test is infallible. It may, however, be stated that the Wassermann test admits of a correct diagnosis in 98 per cent of all patients suffering from syphilis in the secondary period. In so-called "latent syphilis," for unexplained reasons, it is less frequently positive. The same applies to "tertiary syphilis." In these later stages the degree of positivity varies.

The Wassermann test may also be performed on fluid obtained from the spinal cord by what is known as "lumbar puncture." In the absence of syphilis of the brain and spinal cord in a person suffering from syphilis, the reaction is usually negative. When the brain and spinal cord have been attacked, the reaction becomes positive in varying degrees.



**Wassermann Test Decried As Requisite to Marriage**

**Mayo Doctor Says It Bars Many Harmless Persons**

WORCESTER, Mass., May 10 (AP).—Sate laws which prohibit persons with positive Wassermann tests from marrying are "doing an injustice to the individual and the community," according to Dr. Paul A. Leary, head of the dermatology section of Mayo Hospital at Rochester, Minn.

The Wassermann test "has not proved adequate," Dr. Leary told the Worcester District Dental Society last night. He said some states had been "too zealous" in attempting to stem the spread of syphilis.

"Many persons with a positive Wassermann test year after year are no danger to their family, their children or the community," he said, "whereas many with a persistently negative reaction are menaces. Only the most careful medical study reveals these differences and no law can be written, on the basis of present medical knowledge, which would attain the goal sought."

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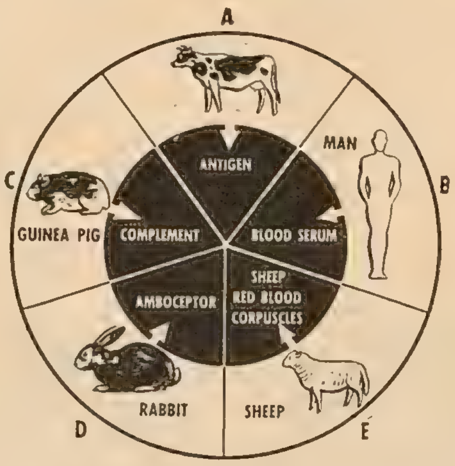
A positive reaction does not always mean syphilis.

WASSERMANN TEST MATERIALS REQUIRED



From Modern Clinical Syphilology, 2d edition, by Dr. John H. Stokes, published by W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

In patients who have contracted syphilis recently the test is consistently positive; but under treatment the positive reaction tends to disappear, and in most cases, if the treatment is adequate, it becomes negative and remains so permanently. During this early stage of the disease the blood is a reliable guide in the treatment of syphilis. Under these conditions, when all signs of the disease disappear permanently and the blood test also becomes permanently negative, the patient is regarded as cured. Where the treatment is not started in the early stages of the disease, the blood test may also become permanently negative; but this is of less frequent occurrence. In late syphilis the reaction may remain persistently positive or it may be negative at one period and positive at another. It may fluctuate to any degree. It now ceases to be a reliable guide in treatment.

Even though a blood specimen may show a positive reaction, we are not justified in assuming the presence of syphilis on that alone. Such an individual should be subjected to another test; and there should also be a thorough physical examination. Similarly, no physician is justified in assuming the absence of the disease, even though the blood test is negative, if the patient's history and symptoms indicate the presence of infection. A doubtful or one-plus reaction alone does not warrant a diagnosis of syphilis.

A patient suffering from syphilis who has never had any treatment must, of course, be given treatment. The Wassermann reaction in him may or may not be influenced by treatment. In a patient with a persistently positive Wassermann, the question of treatment depends upon symptoms, the amount of prior treatment, and other indications.

How to deal with any individual case must be decided by the physician after reviewing all the facts.

Once we have decided that the patient has become infected, he must not delay treatment. The disease may run a mild course. But no one can tell in advance. Adequate treatment is essential in all cases.

Syphilis is very contagious in its early stages, and continues to be dangerously so for a considerable time. Sex relations are prohibited during this period; even kissing and petting must be avoided. To make an infected person almost harmless to others, it is required to administer not less than twenty injections of arsphenamine and as many or more injections of bismuth. As the disease enters the later stages it becomes less contagious. Old cases are not readily contagious in the usually accepted sense. To this, however, there are exceptions. No person who has, or has had, syphilis should marry without full consultation with his physician.

Every person should submit to a blood test at least once, and if infected he should be treated. The Scandinavian countries have shown that it is possible, by proper cooperation and compulsory treatment, to wipe out the plague of syphilis.

EVERY expectant mother should submit to a blood test routinely, preferably twice, once early and once late in pregnancy. Even if the taint is in her body, it is possible, by using adequate treatment, to assure a healthy offspring.

If no such precaution is taken, and if the infection in the mother is recent, the child is almost sure to be born with syphilis.

Eleven states in the Union require a medical certificate of freedom from the disease in a communicable form before marriage. Five of the eleven insist upon such evidence from both bridegroom and bride. These are New Hampshire, Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The other six, somewhat illogically, require the evidence from the male only. Thirteen states require affidavits certifying to freedom from venereal disease. The most comprehensive law is enforced in Connecticut, which requires an examination of both partners for syphilis. The Illinois law now in force requires that both submit to examination for gonorrhea also. A bill passed by the New York Legislature, and introduced by Desmond and Breitbart, is patterned after the Connecticut law and became effective July 1, 1938.

Tests simpler than the Wassermann, called precipitation tests, have been devised. Those introduced by Kahn and by Kline are the most widely used in the United States. Here, too, accuracy of technique is essential for correct results. It should be stated that now and then an error may occur with any test; none is 100 per cent perfect.

Inasmuch as syphilis is curable, especially if it is recognized early, no one should fail to avail himself of the great boon which medical science has provided.

It is in this way that the great plague syphilis can be wiped out.

THE END

frankness of a vital weapon in today's fight for better lives . . It isn't infallible!

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# *STARGAZING CONTEST*

COME on, stargazers! Only three weeks, including this one, in which to complete a winning entry in this interesting contest. And, newcomers, here's a word for you. No matter if you have neglected the game in its first seven weeks, you can begin an entry right now, with an excellent chance of capturing the lion's share of the money! First of all you will want to read the rules carefully so that you will understand exactly what is required. Then study the stars in Drawings 15 and 16 to find the names of the stellar entertainers they will spell. Rule 3 explains just how to do it. Do not submit any solutions until your set of twenty is complete! No incomplete sets will be accepted for consideration by the judges. Now, if you are just beginning the game, here is some important information for you.

### LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first fourteen drawings of this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the drawings reach you, find the names, just as you have worked out this week's identifications, and your entry will be even with the field.

### THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

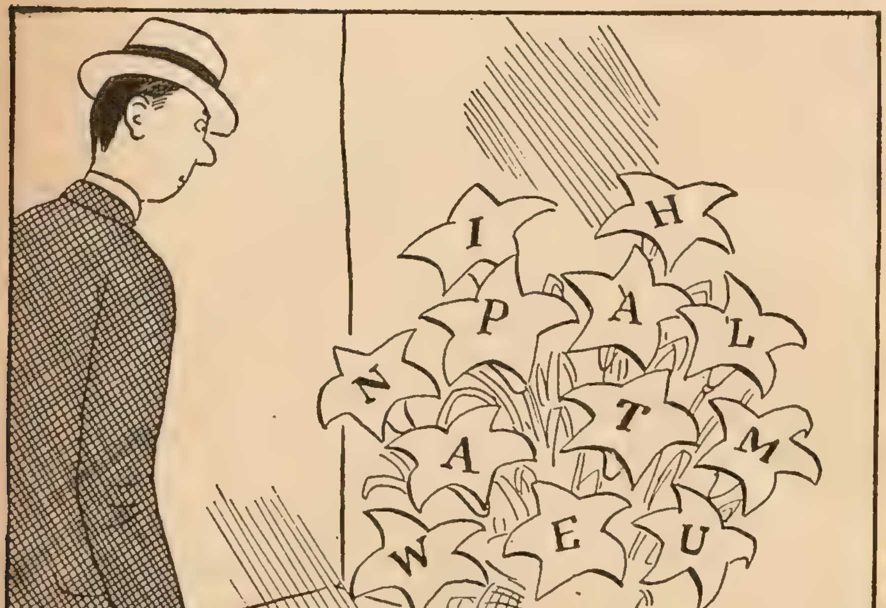
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

**SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS**

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



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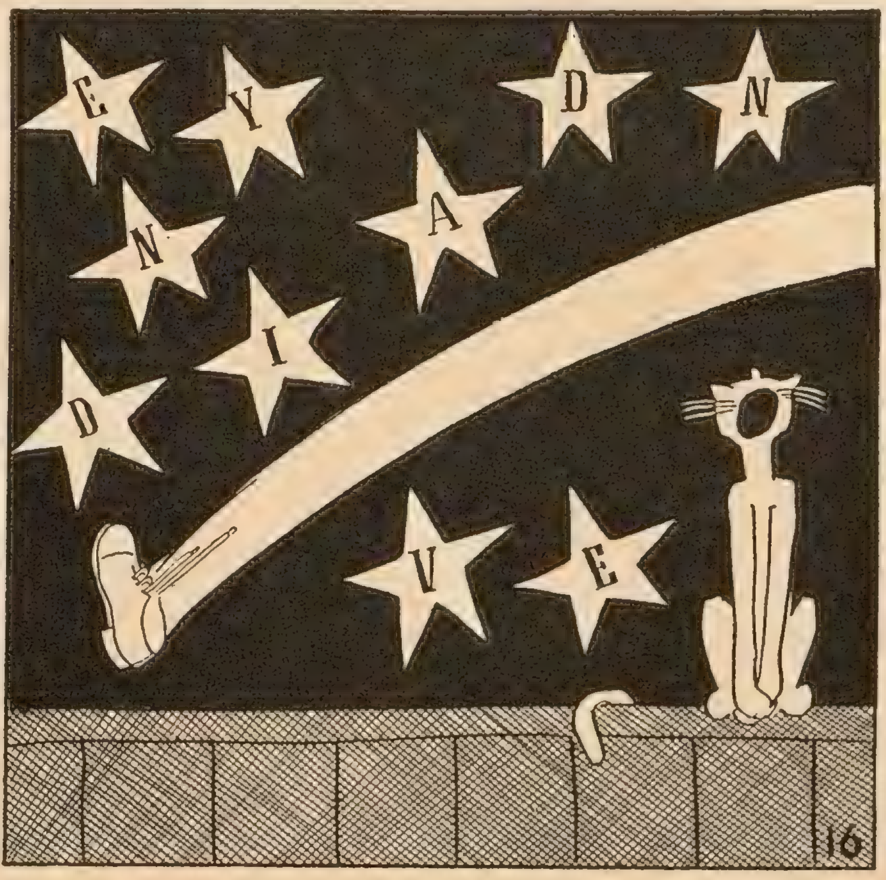

NAME___________________________________

# Husband Hunters on the Loose

## Miss Young, et al., fare forth from the farm to a merry mélange of tangled romance . . . Your critic is pensive about the Misses Rogers and Francis

## By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT    2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR    0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ THREE BLIND MICE

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin, Marjorie Weaver, Pauline Moore, Binnie Barnes, Jane Darwell, Leonid Kinsky, Spencer Charters, Franklin Pangborn, Herb Heywood. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Lynn Starling based on a play by Stephen Powys. Directed by William A. Seiter. Running time, 85 minutes.

THIS is a mighty cute affair. It starts out on a Kansas farm where Loretta Young, Marjorie Weaver, and Pauline Moore, as three orphaned sisters, have inherited five thousand dollars between them. They determine to shoot the roll on bagging rich husbands, Loretta to bag the first and thus lead the sisters to the others. Accordingly they pack for Santa Barbara, to get in with the quality, Loretta posing as an heiress, with Marjorie and Pauline pretending to be maid and secretary respectively.

With her face and figure, naturally, Loretta meets her men, handsome, old-family Joel McCrea; less handsome but funnier David Niven. Both men succumb instantly, but she cares only for Joel. One evening, with the moonlight dappling them and the sea lapping softly near by, Joel proposes, Loretta accepts. Romance, youth, wealth, passion. It is all too wonderful until they both start confessing. Joel is all he claims to be—the scion of a fine family. But his family is broke. Loretta admits what a fake she is. She can't supply the money he has depended upon his bride providing. They gaze at each other, love in their eyes but dismissal in their minds.

Later that same evening Loretta maneuvers a second proposal, from Niven this time. She has checked him up to be sure she can let herself go. But in the interim her little sisters have been busy with their own heart stuff. There enters, too, Binnie Barnes, Niven's sister, setting her madcap for McCrea. All this mixes into so lightsome and delightful a set of scrambled love as to be completely beguiling.

The principals are all handsome, the settings are all glamorous, the clothes are all seductive, the dialogue is all witty—oh, it's all more darned fun.

VITAL STATISTICS: Willowy, thoughtful, soul-searching Loretta Young learned the rumba and the left hook for part in this. The rumba she does with Joe McCrea, the left hook she absorbed in a month from Fidel La Barba, the ex-intellectual flyweight, now a movieman. Hollywood's most eligible girl bachelor, Loretta's been married unhappily, has been seen most during the past year with Niven. . . . Joel McCrea returns after six months' holiday from the cameras. A free lance, Joel flaunts Hollywood belief that long vacations give the producers a chance to forget your pretty face. Spent a month in Hawaii with wife Frances Dee and two wee Dees, came back to relax among the cattle and stuff on that 1,000-acre McCrea ranch, now operating at a veddy nice profit, thanx. . . . Dave Niven's been silent about the seamier side of his life for years, now claims it's more fabulous than any part he's yet screen-played. Well born in Scotland, he's an English West Pernt grad (Sandhurst), did four years in Scotland's kilts, resigned his commish, put on pants, became a Canadian lumberjack, moved into the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, thought the address would impress big-shot job givers, found himself penniless, got a job delivering laundry for a Chinese wet-wash nurse, thinks he's the only man who ever lived at Waldorf and delivered laundry in a Rolls-Royce. He tried promoting indoor hoss racing at Atlantic City, dropped over to Cuba, got mixed up in the Machado mess, sailed through the Panama Canal for Hollywood, where his clean-cut British Rover Boy looks got him a quick pacting. . . . Exactly 10 years ago Hollywood took one look at Stu Erwin's sad jowls, overlooked his California U. diploma entirely, shoved him in Mother Knows Best, has been keeping him busy practically ever since playing deadheaded deadpans.

### ★ ★½ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Peggy Conklin, Lucille Ball, Lee Bowman, Eve Arden, Dorothea Kent, Richard Skelton, Donald Meek, Jack Carson, Clarence H. Wilson, Allan Lane, Grady Sutton, Shimen Ruskin, Dorothy Tree, Leona Roberts, Harlan Briggs, Inez Courtney, Juanita Quigley. Screen play and original play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Alfred Santell. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

Man-hunters Marjorie Weaver, Loretta Young, and Pauline Moore in Three Blind Mice.

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THE triumphant, glowing Miss Ginger Rogers, late of Stage Door and Vivacious Lady, is the star of Having Wonderful Time. And they have done her wrong. For after watching how she glorified those two films with that compelling individuality of hers, they have rewarded her by giving her nothing whatsoever to do here save being a lonely, aspiring young steno taking a two weeks' vacation at a crummy camp. Love walks right in in the figure (and it is a nice one) of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a boy lawyer getting along through the summer as a waiter in the camp. Unable to afford marriage, Doug proposes that other alternative. This makes Ginger mad, which is all very well for a scene, but not for three and a half reels. Even outraged virtue gets mighty boring after all that time, while you wait for the young people to end up, inevitably, on the gold-ring standard.

Dimmed by her insipid material, Miss Rogers is still poignant and charming. Mr. Fairbanks discards his British accent and gives a sensitive and straightforward portrayal. Lee Bowman and Lucille Ball are in there pitching, too, but the sum of all this is still too thin for a first-rate motion picture.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** To satisfy censors, avoid racial prejudice, and keep people from thinking, all social problems, non-Aryans, and strictly kosher elements have been removed from this ex-Bway success to fit screen limitations. Play originally concerned the Bronx vacationing at a glamorless camp on what's known as the Catskill Borsch Circuit, has been glorified into an over-clean camp on the ice-cream-and-dainty-bloomer circuit. Most of the original framework remains, but the tender Joosh woikinggoil touch has been stomped out, given way to bigness, slapstick, and hossplay. . . . Some figgers, folks: Play sold to movies for $82,500; author Kober made movie corrections for $45,000. Ginger Rogers drew a measly $102,000 for her part; Doug, Jr., had himself a wonderful time for $100,000. Studio built Kamp Kill Kare for about $100,000, toting out to it 350 vacationers, 40,000 feet of electric cable, a power plant big enough to light 100,000 people until they positively glowed, 10 two-million-candle-power searchlights, 4 lightning machines, 6 wind machines, 4 thunderers, 25 canoes, 20 rowboats, a hospital, fire station, boathouse, pier, and 25 cottages up to Big Bear at Lake Bartlett, San Bernardino Mts., 62 miles from Hollywood. On the other hand, the stage play was put on for about $15,000 and an awful lot of stenogs can vacation (and even marry) on $100,000. . . . Pic was actually started August, 1937, but after almost a month of shooting, a heavy and surprise (of cuss) snowstorm fell, stripped all leafage greenery from trees, made waters of Lake Bartlett too cold. Oldest Lake Bartlett inhabitant had never heard of an August snowstorm, press agents did everything to hush it up, studio frantically wired fake leafage to trees, tried to steam-heat the lake for the swimmers—but no soap. Scenes photogged after storm melted did not match preceding shots. So it had to be postponed till the spring of 1938. Which proved a break for the play producer (Marc Connelly), the movie version usually killing the road play of a show.

## ★ ★ MY BILL

**THE PLAYERS:** Kay Francis, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Bobby Jordan, John Litel, Dickie Moore, Maurice Murphy, Elisabeth Risdon, Helena Phillips Evans, John Ridgely, Jan Holm, Sidney Bracey, Bernice Pilot. Screen play by Vincent Sherman and Robertson White from a play by Tom Barry. Directed by John Farrow. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 85 minutes.

KAY FRANCIS recently announced her retirement from movies after her next picture. We know it is rude to point, but we think it would have been smarter if she had retired before she ever made this one. For here she rushes around sets, throwing out paragraphs of good cheer as the mother of four children. Though she has put them all into bankruptcy and is suspected of being no better than she should be, she is mighty sporting about it all. Her three oldest children despise her, and when their haughty, meanie aunt who has cash turns up and offers them a home, they desert Mother therewith. Not so Dickie Moore, aged ten. He becomes —and how!—the man of the family. To be just about it, Dickie is very appealing, but you simply can't believe a ten-year-old could work quite the financial miracles he achieves. It all ends up in a glow on Mother's Day, the three brats back home and changed into cooing angels, Mother's spotted name all scrubbed clean, romance in her life, and Dickie triumphant.

You know, there are things you can do with your evenings besides go to picture shows. There's the radio, there's darning—why, gosh, you might even read a book!

**VITAL STATISTICS:** In September, Kay Francis' contract will be up, and after about 10 years of Hollywood, she promises to retire and mean it. Will marry Scotch-German airplane manufacturer, the veddy blond Baron Raven Eric Angus Barnekow. They'll live in Hollywood. Kay promises never to come out of retirement, having had her craw and pockets filled by Hollywood. She's earned up around $5,000 a week for some years, has never stinted on spending, yet never been silly about her investments. Definitely a glamour type, she was born in Oklahoma City, mother was Katherine Clinton, an actress; she herself wanted to be a trapeze catcher. Got a convent education instead, did awfly well in flat racing on the track, used to rip off the 100 in 12 flat, thanks to those long legs. Also tennised well. Learned secretarying after finishing school, became a social sektry to Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Minturn Pinchot, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, did a lot of shorthand work around Europe, established a love of the highfalutin' and for traveling that's never left her. She decided on a fling at the stage, became the Player Queen in Hamlet in modern clothes, stocked and B'wayed, eventually got into movies. . . . Bonita Granville likes spaghetti, still plays with dolls, hates brats, cats, and rats, goes to bed every night at 8, is studying interior decorating, still goes to school, is 15½, got her first job because she resembled Ann Harding as a child, pop broke her into vodville.

## FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich.

★★★—The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart.

# Are the Human Whales Gone Forever?

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

By

## LAWSON ROBERTSON

Head Coach, U. S. Olympic Track Team, 1924–36

### A famed veteran of track and field sighs for some lusty yesterdays of sport

THE Irish Whales were something that had never happened to the world of sport before and may never happen again. Recently the national weight-throwing and shot-putting contests were held at Buffalo. The men who stepped into the clay-packed circles to coil and uncoil ropy muscles under iron balls and Greek platters were built with narrow flanks and wedgelike torsos. This new trend began with Glenn Hartranft and Clarence Houser. It followed through with Fred Tootell, John Kuck, "Slinger" Dunn, Henry Dreyer, John Anderson, Gus Pope, Paul Jessup, and Leo Sexton, all streamlined, all with rooftree shoulders and cantilever legs instead of jelly stomachs and thick-layered adipose tissue.

Jack Torrance, the present world's shot-put champion, now a professional boxer, is an athletic throwback. He had all the outward seeming of a whale. Looking at him through half-closed eyes, I could see Ralph Rose and Pat McDonald flipping the sixteen-pound iron pellet like a spitball.

I don't remember who first called them the Whales, but it was a natural nickname. They cavorted in seven-foot shot-put and hammer-throwing circles like leviathans of the vasty deep. All were Irish giants.

The first one cast up on the shores of Ellis Island was Jim Mitchel, who stood six feet two inches in his socks and weighed 250 pounds. He held the world's record for the hammer throw from 1889 to 1896, won the American championship eight years in a row, and after a lapse of six years won it back in 1903.

Next came John Flanagan, who barely qualified as a Whale. He was only six feet tall and weighed a puny 240 pounds, but he was the holder of the world's hammer-throw record from 1897 to 1904, and again from 1906 to 1908.

Matt McGrath won the first of his seven American championships in 1908, held the world's hammer-throw record for three years, when he relinquished it to Con Walsh of the New York A. C. Matt was six feet two inches tall and weighed 260 pounds.

Pat Ryan, a Whale of the vintage of 1913, was six feet five inches tall and weighed 296 pounds. He set up the present world's hammer-throwing record of 189 feet 6½ inches, and strung eight American championships and an Olympic title on his athletic rosary before he returned to Ireland.

Another great man with the weights was Pat McDonald, who is now a New York police captain. His specialty was the fifty-six-pound weight, but he was good enough with the sixteen-pound shot to be the American champion several times. He stood six feet four inches and weighed 310 pounds. He was a traffic cop at Forty-second Street and Broadway for many years and was as well known to first-nighters as Jim Brady used to be.

Two lesser Whales . . . so far as size went . . . were Martin Sheridan and Con Walsh.

We . . . that is the Irish-American A. C. . . . won the national championships all the years I was coach there. I had nothing to do with it. I just happened to be there. But the Whales were there. That was the important thing. They won the championships of America from 1904 to 1916 inclusive and no team or club has ever come within smelling distance of that record before or since. We could go into a meet sure of a first and second in the hammer throw and the shot and the fifty-six-pound weight. Martin Sheridan would win the discus and with the help of a few points from mere runners the thing was done.

The first time I ever saw Pat Ryan was one chilly Sunday morning at Celtic Park. The big fellow, fresh from the ould sohd, came striding across the infield in the direction of

The biggest Irish Whale: Pat McDonald, six feet four inches; 310 pounds.

the hammer-throwing circle surrounded by a worshiping swarm of Irish satellites like a bull elephant in a cloud of tickbirds.

“ Look at that for a man for you,” the chorus buzzed. . . . “ Give the b'y a dacent chance and he'll bate them all.”

I said something to him about a dressing room, but my words got mixed up in the jabbering Te Deum and were lost. He took his hammer-throwing shoes from his hip pocket, removed his coat, vest, and pants and stood grandly there for all the world to see in billowing underwear, while the satellites applauded and shouted, “ It's no throuble at all he'll be havin' in throwin' it over the fence.”

He didn't throw it over the fence. Not that day. The seven-foot ring cramped him. He was the champion of Ireland, where men were giants and hammer-throwing rings were nine feet wide, and the smaller space got in his hair and bothered him. A slight change in his technique helped him.

Ralph Rose was not a Whale by birth, but he qualified as far as the physical requirements went, weighing 325 pounds when trained fine and more when out of training.

The Whales were unpredictable and creatures of impulse.

WHEN the United States entered the World War, Pat Ryan found himself in an embarrassing position. “ Robertson,” he said, “ they've up and drafted me. I don't mind foighting, but the only counthry worth dying for is Ireland.”

“ How are you going to get out of it? ” I asked him.

His jaw took on a look of grim determination.

“ They'll never pass me,” he said. “ I'm going into training to get myself into terrible shape.”

He went into his reverse-English physical build-up and the town quivered with the impact. He made all of the filling stations (and I don't mean gasoline) from the Battery to Times Square in the next three days.

The medical officer looked him over perfunctorily and said, “ You'll do, Ryan.”

Pat couldn't believe his ears. “ Have you examined my heart? ” he asked, scowling darkly at the doctor.

“ I wish I had such a good ticker myself,” the doctor said.

“ Have you examined my liver? ” Pat's frown was like a thundercloud.

“ Your liver is even better than your heart,” said the doctor.

Pat drew himself up in injured majesty.

“ Well, then, I'll go,” Pat said. “ But I have a very poor opinion of your medical education.”

John Cahill was allowed to frolic with the Whales from time to time. One day he and Pat Ryan were cleaning out a saloon with many a joyful snort and bellow when the bartender went into action swinging a bung mallet. He clipped Cahill on the skull with it. Ryan and Cahill threw the impudent bartender into the street, and the bartender went for a cop. The cop turned out to be one Hunt who had been a heel-and-toe walker for the Pastime A. C. in his prime. He knew Pat Ryan and let him go with a sympathetic reprimand. He didn't know Cahill and clapped him into jail.

Since I was the coach and custodian for the Whales, I was notified and visited the jail with Jack Conway, the secretary of the Irish-American A. C.

We said to Cahill, “ Now, it's all fixed up. We've talked to the judge and he ‘ understands the situation.’ All you've got to do in court tomorrow is keep quiet and keep a civil tongue in your head.”

Cahill appeared in court the next morning with a throbbing head and fixed a baleful eye on a man sitting behind a raised desk.

The man behind the desk rapped with a gavel and said, “ You are charged with disorderly conduct, assault and battery. What have you to say for yourself? ”

Conway and myself looked at Cahill, nodding to him that it was time for him to stand up and say, “ I'm sorry, Yer Honor. I didn't know what I was doing.”

Cahill looked at him impatiently and said, “ I don't know who ye are, but you can go sit on a tack. This case has all been fixed up and I'll thank ye to kape your nose out of it.”

Cahill went up to Ward's Island to serve thirty days for contempt.

The 1908 Olympic Games in London got off to a bad start and the Whales never got over it.

When the parade of the athletes of all the nations began, Ralph Rose was carrying the Stars and Stripes. Martin Sheridan and Matt McGrath were right behind him in line, and I was behind Martin and Matt. As each flag passed in front of the British royal box, the man carrying it dipped it in salute. The American flag approached the box, it was even with the box, then it was past the box and Rose had not dipped it. The crowd murmured and glared angrily at Rose.

Maybe they wouldn't have been so sore if they had heard what Sheridan and McGrath hissed into his ear as we walked along, eyes front. We were all carrying a sort of cane or swagger stick as part of our dress uniform.

“ Listen, you! ” they said. “ If you dip that flag to the oppressors of Ireland, we'll ram these canes right through you, right in front of everybody, and may God have mercy on your soul.”

After the ceremony we sang God Save the King. That is, all of us sang it except those unconverted Gaels from the Irish-American A. C. They gathered in a group a little apart from us and bellowed, “ God save Ireland, said the heroes. God save Ireland, say we all.”

McGrath, Coe, Talbott, and Sheridan roomed together at a Bloomsbury hotel. They trained together and drank the brown ale of old England together. They didn't train like runners. When it came time for them to gird up their loins and flip iron balls around, they merely bought a haircut and shave. That was their idea of a final workout.

Their minds worked in devious and marvelous fashion. When they were down to their last seven and sixpence, they announced that their clothes had been gone over by pickpockets in the dressing room while they were out on the practice field. The press picked up the story and carried it all over the world.

A wealthy American woman who happened to be in London at the time read of their loss and felt a great surge of compassion and patriotism. Her heart running over with the milk of human kindness and sorrow for the poor boys far from their native land, she tooled around to the stadium behind a team of spanking grays and sought out Martin Sheridan. She asked Martin how much had been lost. He took a deep breath, and said, “ Six hundred dollars.” Then and there she wrote out a check for the amount. I never found out how it was split up, but I will bet that Donnybrook Fair was a Bryn Mawr Maypole dance compared to the arguments which accompanied the division of the gift.

SHERIDAN'S Balancing the Budget skit was a smash hit, but McGrath's Stricken Gladiator number with Simon Gillis stood them up in the aisles.

Gillis was a Canadian engineer who had been a hammer thrower in the States and had wandered down to the Argentine. After he had been in Buenos Aires for a couple of years his foot began to itch again and he felt the urge to travel. He persuaded the Argentinian athletic body to pay his expenses to the 1912 Games at Stockholm. There he met the best hammer throwers in the world in McGrath and Clarence Childs of Yale. He hadn't trained very much for two or three years, but he wasn't worried. He liked Stockholm and he was having a grand time seeing the sights. Finally, however, it dawned on him that something must be done to justify the expense of sending him so many miles over land and sea. He took his problem to McGrath and that wily gentleman laid his finger aside of his nose, pulled the lever of his mental slot machine, and came up with a jack pot. Knotty Problems were just a breeze to him.

The first move was to bandage Gillis' leg with yards and yards of gauze and adhesive. The second move was for Gillis to bring the hammer once around his head on the day of the hammer-throw and collapse in a pitiful moaning heap on the ground. Boy Scouts with stretchers, officials, cameramen, and competitors came running from all directions. Gillis was poured into a stretcher. Two Boy Scouts took hold of the front end and McGrath, in the role of prompter, seized the other end. On the way over to the infirmary, McGrath felt that Gillis was not putting his heart into it. His moans had quieted down and his face was no longer twisted in agony. Lifting one leg, McGrath gave him a kick under the stretcher in the place where people should be kicked. Whispering in what he fondly believed to be a stage aside, "Moan a little, can't you? Make a terrible noise."

The terrible noise was forthcoming. It rose and swelled on the breeze and drew a crowd of five hundred people.

McGrath looked down at Gillis proudly, much as Frank Capra might have looked at Clark Gable after the final shot of the piggybacking scene in It Happened One Night.

The Argentines had got their money's worth.

THERE was another minor Whale named Dennis Hogan who visited the United States for two or three years. He was one of the world's record holders in the shot put. But more remarkable than his powers with the sixteen-pound ball was his habit of getting up in the morning and breaking a dozen eggs into a pitcher of milk for an eye-opener. Con Walsh did the same thing. Simon Gillis added an extra wrinkle all of his own to egg inhaling. Gillis would eat his eggs shell and all.

Rose (who, to do him justice, had more of himself to feed than most of the others) polished off a couple of chickens with a steak at one sitting on the Finland, going over to the Stockholm games, and once told a dining-car steward to bring him a few eggs. "How many do you mean by a few eggs?" the steward asked. "Soft-boil me a half dozen," said Rose. "I'll eat them on toast. And bring me half a dozen raw. I'll eat them while I'm waiting for you to have the others boiled."

There is one story they tell on the Whales that even I can't believe, and I long ago gave up thinking that anything was too fantastic for them to do.

It goes like this: It seems that a friend of theirs named Casey was laid out for a wake in a parlor adjoining a speakeasy. Two of the Whales were sitting up with Casey and talking about what a great one Casey had been for a bit of fun and bending of the elbow, when they were seized with an idea. They would take Casey into the bar and have one last drink with him, despite the fact that Casey would not be able to join them actively in the ceremony. They picked Casey up, propelled him to the bar, and propped him on a chair with his back resting against the wall.

"You mustn't mind him, bartender," they said. "He's fair glassy-eyed with drink, but set up three anyhow." They downed their libations and tossed off Casey's for good measure.

Presently a bit of rumpus in the street drew them outside, and while they were gone the barkeep bethought himself of the score. As far as he knew, the two Whales might not be coming back, and the whole thing began to look to him like an old-army-game method of catching one on the house.

He asked Casey for the money, but Casey looked him brazenly in the eye and said nothing. The bartender reached down under the bar for his ever-trusty bung starter and showed it to Casey. "I'm going to ask you once more dacently," he said, "and if you don't come across with the siller, I'll let ye feel the weight of this." Still Casey looked at him with that disconcerting stare. He swung the bung starter and Casey toppled over and lay peacefully on the floor. The matter of the rumpus outside now under control, the two Whales came back and saw Casey prone in the sawdust and the barkeep standing over him with the mallet in his hand.

They shouted with one accord, "Ye've killed him entirely!" The bartender knelt down and put his hand over Casey's heart. He stood up, white as a ghost, and said hastily, "'Twas a matter of self-defense. He drew a knife on me."

The Irish-American A. C. was never really the same after the World War. Some of the Whales were cast up by that cataclysm on the shores of the New York A. C. Pat Ryan went to Ireland to be a farmer, where he is now doubtless tossing off buckets of buttermilk and wheelbarrows full of potatoes at a sitting. McGrath is an inspector of police in Manhattan, and McDonald is an ornament of the same force. John Flanagan, the second and smallest of the Whales, is back in the Emerald Isle.

I SAW the 1936 Olympic champion Karl Hein do a fabulous, an unpredictable thing. It had been raining in fits and starts in the Berlin Olympic Stadium. But, either by accident or by remote control, when Adolf Hitler appeared in his box and held out his hand in the Nazi salute the rain stopped. The thing happened. Not once but several times. That in itself was something. But his control over Herr Hein was even more remarkable.

The Hitler hand went out in salute. Everybody clicked their heels together, including Herr Hein. Thirty seconds later Hein went over to the ring and threw that hammer 185 feet 4 3/16 inches, cracking Matt McGrath's record of 179 feet 7⅛ inches. Also it was quite a little farther than Herr Hein had ever thrown the hammer before.

I have told myself that the name Hein is Celtic over and over again, until I almost believe it. But he will never be a true Whale to me. My Whales have to be as big as all outdoors.

THE END

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# Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Young Japanese Pleads for Fair Play

KENT, WASH.—I am a young man born of Japanese parents in the State of Washington and therefore, in accordance with the laws of the United States, a citizen of this country.

I am trying to set forth as clearly as I can some of the problems we Japanese-Americans are faced with on account of this conflict in China.

In the first place, I wish it understood that we really know little or nothing of the cause of this war, and certainly no Japanese in the United States, either native born or American born, had anything to do with the starting of the trouble and therefore have no power or authority to put an end to this war.

Since the trouble started we are losing the friendship with the white citizens —have had boycott started against us and have had to suffer great many insults in silence.

We are constantly asked such questions as the following: " How long will this war continue? " " How did this war start? " " Who do you think will win? "

I wish we could satisfactorily answer all these questions, but when you consider the fact that your guess is as good as ours, as you are all in possession of the same source of information as we—that is, the daily newspapers—it seems unfair to put the burden on us. You make your guess and rest assured we will not argue against your viewpoint.

I am in business and often have people come in and ask me the price of this and that. Then ask, " Are you a Jap? " And then tell me, " I guess I won't buy anything from you."

We sometimes wonder what has happened to the old spirit of fair play that existed and is still supposed to exist in this country. I wonder if the loss of that spirit could be blamed to the depression.

I wish that the people of this country could remember that we are full-fledged citizens of the United States, and give us the ordinary treatment or " breaks " that every man in this country, citizens or aliens, is fully entitled to under our laws and Constitution. That's all we ask.

A lot of people seem to think that because our parents are Japanese we know all the inside facts of this clash in China. That is not so. I doubt if any of our parents were ever taken into the confidence of the Japanese government to the extent that they were consulted or informed of the state of affairs.

It naturally follows that these parents of ours are not in any position to give us information of any kind—in other words, your guess and our guess is just as good as theirs.

We have often been asked if our parents think Japan is in the right in this Far Eastern conflict. I honestly think they do, and feel that they think so because they love their native country and their patriotism will not permit them to think otherwise. Can you blame them? I do not think you can. I will say positively that our parents have never asked us to believe as they do.

All that our parents insist on is that we believe in and support the government of the United States, and to honestly put forth our best efforts to be good loyal citizens of this country, and that is the one thing we Japanese-Americans have determined to do. You may depend on us all to be good United States citizens and nothing else!—*Ted T. Kamo.*

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### SEEING A BIG TOTAL LOSS WALK IN

BIG SPRING, TEX.—John Allen Davis' squawk in June 11 Vox Pop, in which he offers to sell his " silly diploma " to any one for the price of a meal, while cursing the government, the unions, advocating Fascism, and thumbing his nose at the President of the very government that made it possible for him to attend a place of higher learning, is a very good example of the horrible injustice the universities do their graduates by teaching them that they have brains when they finish school. Johnny even admits that he was one of the forty-seven " best brains in the state " !

Imagine the proud parents' chagrin, after six years of skimping and doing without, seeing a big total loss walk in with a piece of parchment in one hand and the gimmies in the other, griping because the industry he happened to read about wasn't out to welcome him with open arms to take charge of the works.

The universities should simply dismiss their annual flock of Johnnies instead of going through the formality of graduating exercises and diplomas. Of course they could hang nice shiny horse collars around their necks when they tell them good-by—emblematic of a great big nought.—*R. J. Hoover.*

### COVER CADET IS DISCIPLINED

QUANTICO, VA.—The first thing that attracted my attention on the cover of June 11 Liberty was the ridiculous manner in which the would-be general was holding his rifle at present arms. Or was he regrasping it in preparation for an assault upon the invading butterfly?

The proper way to hold the rifle at present arms is to grasp it at the balance, or, to be more definite, at a place where the thumb of the left hand is above and around the rear sight.

If the army wants to know anything, let them ask the marines.—*Pfc. J. A. Hopper, D-1-5 Fleet Marine Force.*

[We also thank " Samy " of the U. S. Marine Corps; Frank King, Jr., Beaufort, N. C.; William Wendler of 104th Medical Reg't, Md. N. G.; Jack Peck, Westfield, Ind.; J. T. of U. S. M. C., Minneapolis, Minn.; Hank Jones, Dunkirk, N. Y.; James D. Brooks of Headquarters Fourth Corps Area, Atlanta, Ga.; William Hones, Durham, N. C.; Colonel George H. Russ, Jr., Inf. Res., Fargo, N. D.; and "Andy's Boys," Madison, Wis., for the same correction of our cadet's lapse.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

### ONE LITTLE STAR FOR US

TULSA, OKLA.—Now I see you have started rating your magazine like you do the movies. You put one star on the June 4 cover—that shows you're fair.—*L. E. Tomm.*

### OUTLINES A TEST FOR MADAME MARCIA

WISHEK, N. D.—That Madame Marcia is a humdinger! The only thing she hasn't told us about President Harding and his administration is whether or not Mr. Harding really is the father of Nan Britton's child. And why? Because she doesn't know! (April 9 Liberty).

I could write an equally accurate " prediction " of the fall of the Roman Empire, Mahatma Gandhi, the Flood, or Huey Long. If Madame Marcia knows so much, why doesn't she tell us when the " depression " will end? Who will win the World Series this fall? When will the next World War start? Who will be the next President of the United States? Who kidnaped little Peter Levine?

Why doesn't Liberty get the madame to write us a nice prognostication for, say, the last six months of this year? In that way the people could check up on her.—*Henry E. Lemke.*

### IS THE FIRST KISS EVER REHEARSED?

CLINTON, MASS.—Just because Leo Reisman (May 28 Liberty) is " corny," and by his very nature incapable of understanding or feeling modern swing, is no reason why he should be permitted to give it the " rib."

No swing cat ever asked him or his kind to listen unless they wanted to. The " lift " that there is in modern swing lies in the very spontaneous improvisation that he knocked.

The greatest thrill is in the first kiss. Is the *first* one ever rehearsed? *No.* It is an experiment—and definitely spontaneous. Therein lies the "kick," "umpf," and "yipee."

Swing may be a skeleton to Leo, but it's a rattling exhilaration to me and I like it.—*Arthur P. Cannon.*

## FROZEN TEARS

AUDUBON, N. J.—In Hotel Hostess, Faith Baldwin (June 4 Liberty) says "tears were on her lashes and froze there." Farther down the page she says "the sharp tears from the cold frozen on her face."

I've always been told that salt water doesn't freeze—and tears are salty. Who's wrong?—*Ichabod Crane.*

## How Did America Get Its Name?

WHITTIER, CALIF.—Certainly I agree with Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, in her May 28 Vox Pop letter, that American school children should not be taught an untruth about the name of our country, America. It is not named for Americus Vespucius.

Neither is it named after some "great sacred mountain" existing in the imagination of some unknown Indian races, as she implies.

America is named after its real discoverer, Leif Ericson.

The prefix, *Amt,* in Scandinavian means "land of" and the combination *Amt-Eric,* or America, simply means "Land of Eric."—*Morton Lerude.*

CHICAGO, ILL. — Perhaps Caroline Hanks Hitchcock can obtain from the Chicago Tribune a clipping of an article which appeared in that publication in August, 1933, in which it was stated that John Cabot, discoverer of North America, named the new continent in honor of an English friend with a surname somewhat similar to the word "America."—*E. Wylie.*

MERIGOLD, MISS. — Caroline Hanks Hitchcock may be long on her knowledge of Nancy Hanks but she is certainly short on her history and geography. In fact, Caroline is about 100 per cent wrong on every item of importance in her Vox-Popping effort.

America unquestionably gets its name from the gentleman she so heartily knocks.

To begin with, Vespucci signed his name "Amerigo" or "Amerrigo" Vespucci, and we must assume that he knew his own name better than does Caroline Hanks. Nowhere is he referred to as "Alberico."

The name "America" was first applied to the entire Western World by the famous geographer Mercator in 1541, when he drew the first terrestrial globe.

Until Caroline Hanks Hitchcock or some other worthy can produce a real authority to the contrary, we will continue to teach the kids that it is a fact that America derives its name from Amerigo Vespucci, believe it or not.—*Frank Wynne.*

## "WARTS AND ALL" ON PICTURE OF MUSSOLINI

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the account of the interview with Mussolini (May 7 Liberty) and think it was magnificently done. It is steeped in the atmosphere of the grandeur and the glory that *once* was Rome. Mr. Oursler has given us a very convincing picture of the man, and even though at the outset there appears to be a touch of chauvinism, he has painted him as Cromwell wished to be painted—warts and all.

If Mussolini's mission, as he says, was in part to bring medicine to the benighted Ethiopians, he has succeeded royally both in the dose before and after the conquest. — *Louis B. Davidson.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Oh, that my vocabulary were sufficiently adequate to express what you properly deserve for publishing the article on Mussolini!

Nothing could be farther from the things that this glorious Republic has always stood for than that "monster of this modern age, Mussolini."

It is disgraceful enough to have a magazine publish such an article as this Mussolini gesture without the editor himself being the one responsible.

As a final barb, let me suggest that the un-American magazine of Liberty change its name Liberty to one more suggestive of Mussolini's Fascism.—*Margaret Devine.*

## HANGING REMEDY

ORANGE, MASS.—In most issues of Liberty there is somebody complaining about taxes, tax collectors, or some other agency of our bureaucratic government.

Here is a remedy: This fall vote the present clique into office, in 1940 do the same, and it will be but a short time before we shall be justified in hanging them.—*Phi. Lorenz.*

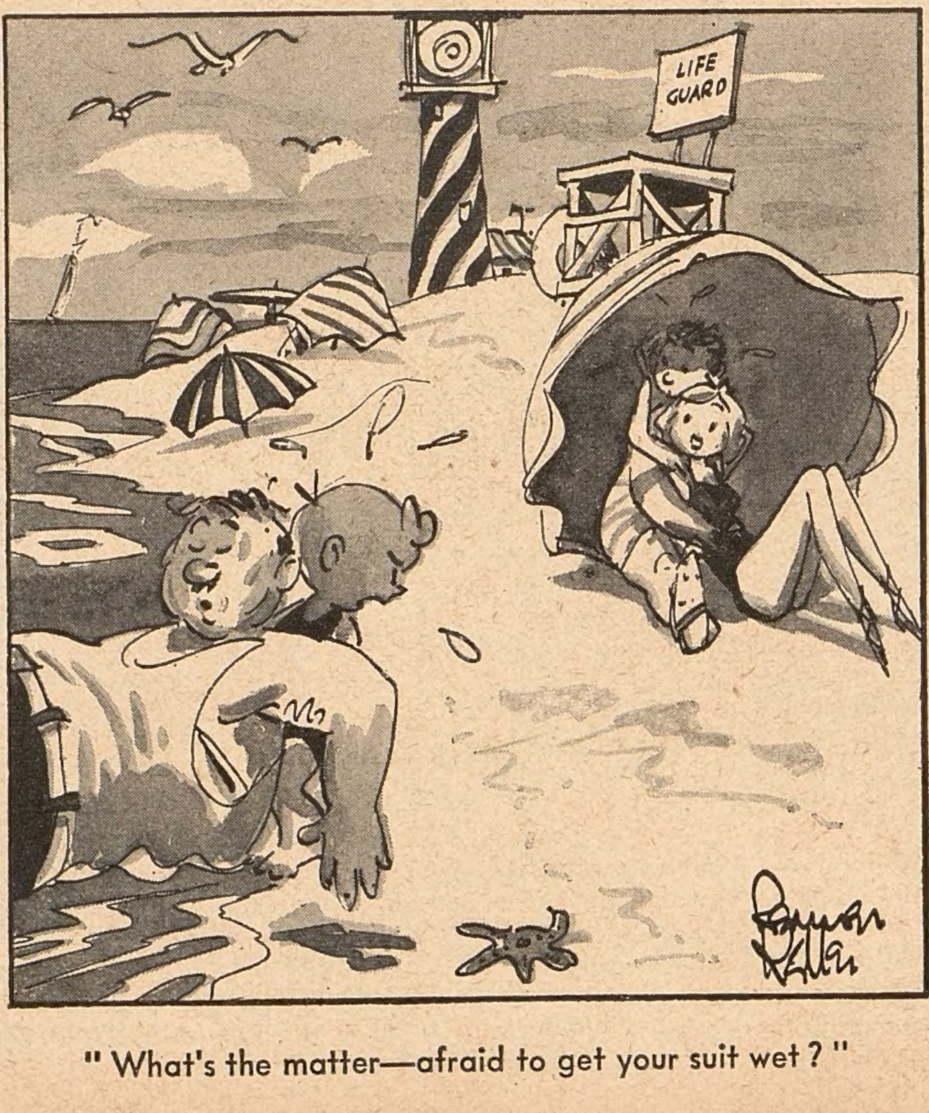
## FOLKS NEED THEIR FAITH RENEWED TODAY

WEST ALLENHURST, N. J.— I was particularly happy to see Why I Believe in Prayer (April 30 Liberty).

Folks need their faith renewed today; those who have never had it certainly need to hear about it, particularly the young folks of high-school and college age today—and I know how many of them come to my home and devour Liberty each week, so these articles of belief in prayer will be brought to their attention too.

It is a good work and I wish you much success. —*Frances M. Sykes.*

## "HARDTACK"



"What's the matter—afraid to get your suit wet?"

## HELPS WITH RUNS IN HOSIERY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We note your article on inventions by Raymond Yates (April 28 Liberty) in which he gives the impression that there is nothing on the market which will solve the problem of runs in women's hosiery.

May we suggest that, while our product Run-R-Stop will not quite perform the miracle Mr. Yates suggests, it does considerable toward assisting women who have this problem, and would like to know about it.—*Vera Camille.*

# J. Edgar Hoover, Stalin, and Paradise Kate

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE of Liberty Magazine will bring together a great collection of authors and characters in one of the most exciting numbers we have produced. . . . First and foremost is that champion of all crime hunters, J. Edgar Hoover. . . . We consider Mr. Hoover the greatest police agent not only of our time but of all time. . . . His real-life triumphs in detection (as in the abominable kidnaping of the little Cash boy) surpass the fictional exploits of Dupin, Lecoq, and Sherlock Holmes. . . . J. Edgar Hoover is a name to cheer. . . . The Chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice has written, with Herbert Corey, a series of three brief but compelling articles on crime control and the part that average citizens can play in ending the civil war between decent citizenship and the underworld. . . . His articles read like a personal letter to you and me. . . . You won't want to miss them. . . . Then there will be Rupert Hughes, in his very best form, as he writes on THIRD-TERMITES, a timely disclosure of some forgotten facts about the Presidency and the hoodoo on those who would live for a third term in the White House. . . . Stalin will be in next week's issue, too. . . . The great Russian butcher will be brought to you by a woman who knows him personally and well, Princess Catherine Radziwill. . . . If Princess Radziwill could write all, if we could print the tales she tells at teatime—there, friends, would be a pretty kettle of fish! . . . Even so, the lady tells a great deal that was new to us, and, we hope, will be new to you. . . . With the Princess will be the lady known as "Paradise Kate"—in the words of the old song, "a peculiar kind of a gal." . . . Paradise Kate is the heroine of a new novel by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot. . . . We hope you like her. . . . Bobby Breen will be there . . . And Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean with new revelations of the strange investigation she has carried on so long . . . And Llewellyn Hughes, Margaret E. Sangster, Charles Francis Coe, Katharine Haviland-Taylor, and many others. . . . What a party it would be if you could get them all together! . . . Well, you can in next week's issue of Liberty. . . . ROSA E. HUTCHINSON urges us to read In the Name of Common Sense, by Dr. M. N. Chappell. . . . It is a book on worry and its control. . . . We shall look forward to reading it when we are not so worried as now. . . . Letter from Charles Stelzle kindly inviting us to serve on a committee to get up a celebration of the long era of good will between Canada and the United States. . . . This we are delighted to do. . . . The Dominion and the States have shown the world what good neighborliness really can mean. . . . Here, from a correspondent, is an amusing aftermath of the Ludwig biography of Roosevelt, first published in Liberty and now reincarnated as a book: J. A. Blomgren of Minneapolis last December read one of the Ludwig articles in Liberty on Roosevelt. This line intrigued the Minneapolitan: "Franklin has no prejudices and rejoices that he also has in him Swedish, French, English, and German blood." Immediately he wrote Ludwig, but the letter arrived on the day of his departure for Europe. Ludwig's secretary answered with the information that Ludwig could not offer his source for the assertion. Blomgren wasn't stumped, though. He turned right around and wrote Mrs. Roosevelt. M. A. Le Hand, the President's private secretary, answered with, "Mrs. Roosevelt has referred me your letter of April sixth. In reply to your inquiry, I wish to advise that the President's Swedish ancestor was Martin Hoffman who came from Sweden to New Amsterdam via Holland about 1650." . . . We have just received a copy of a booklet, The American System of Broadcasting and Its Function in the Preservation of Democracy, reprint of an address delivered by David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America. . . . Freedom of the air and freedom of the press are, practically speaking, the same thing. . . . Both are cornerstones of our American democracy and must be preserved. . . . To Mr. Sarnoff our congratulations on a fine talk. . . . Some time ago John Erskine told us about David Morton, celebrated American poet, who, to everybody's surprise, one day took charge of the Amherst football team and worked wonders. . . . We liked the story about how the poet found a policeman arguing with a lady, and, drawing on his football experience, caused the officer of the law to desist. . . . We sent Eddie Doherty up to Amherst to talk to Morton and get his story. . . . Here is what Eddie reported: "In a moment of weakness, I promised Morton not to refer to his fight with a cop. 'That cop and I are the best of friends now,' he explained, 'and if some magazine digs up that story, it will embarrass him and strain our mutual relationship.' I have got to leave this out, and still make a good yarn, I think." . . . We hope to print the story soon, and, of course, we shall not say anything about the poet's fight with the cop. . . .

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**

**FULTON OURSLER.**

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**Liberty**—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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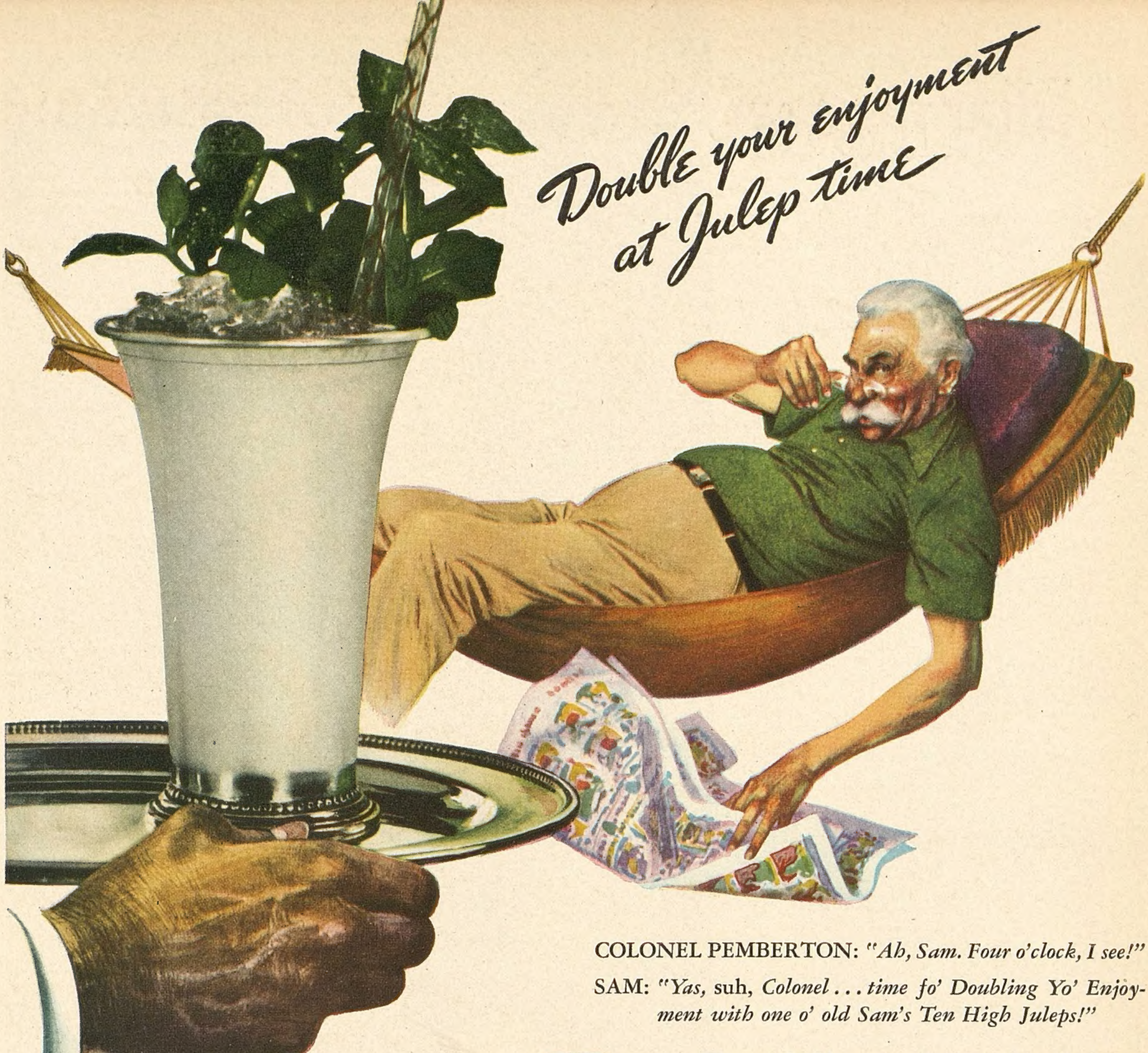
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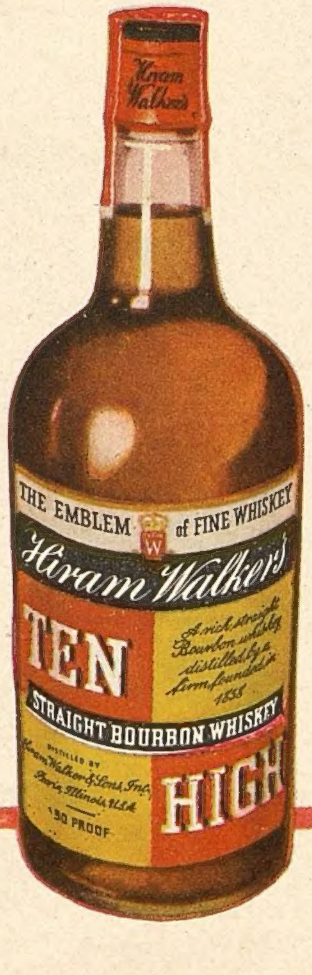
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*Mr. Smoker:* What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

*Mr. Lucky Strike:* It's a fact...and sworn records show it.

*Mr. Smoker:* What sort of experts?

*Mr. L. S.: Independent* experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

*Mr. Smoker:* What do they do?

*Mr. L. S.:* Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

*Mr. Smoker:* He must *know* tobacco!

*Mr. L. S.:* He *does.* He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

*Mr. Smoker:* That speaks well.

*Mr. L. S.:* What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

*Mr. Smoker:* What does that do?

*Mr. L. S.:* It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

*Mr. Smoker:* I believe I'll try them.

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